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SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH SANTEE.

AN acquaintance with the characters, habits, and manners of different and remote sections of a common country goes far to correct local prejudices, and may be considered essential to its amicable relations. Our hearts warm at the every day incidents of life, as we find them in common to ourselves and others; and the fellow-feeling which they create, awakens a sympathy, which attaches to each other the members of one great political family. It strengthens our feelings of patriotism, and tends to the stability of our institutions and the perpetuity of our union. With these views, the writer of this paper enters upon the following sketches — and, if in connexion with the *scenes* which they present, notices of *individuals* appear, which may be deemed unnecessarily minute, they will have been admitted in order to furnish a *generic* description of a *particular class of society*.

It was in the winter and spring of 1797-8 that the following incidents and scenes made an impression upon my mind, which remains still fresh upon my recollection, and upon portions of which it dwells with an abiding interest.

I spent those seasons at the country-seat of Mr. B., in South Carolina, about forty miles north of Charleston; and was placed upon terms of intimacy with his amiable and accomplished family. Mr. B. himself was a native of Scotland, and a gentleman of distinguished literary attainments. He had been educated at the university of Glasgow, and while there was a pupil of the celebrated Adam Smith. He had afterwards the benefit of extensive European travel, and his opportunities had brought him in contact with many of the eminent men in Great Britain and the continent, who flourished as statesmen, or in different departments of literature and science, immediately previous to and during the early period of our revolutionary struggle.

He was inclined, from early youth, to the principles of a free government, and revolted at the arbitrary measures which the British ministry were then attempting to enforce upon America. First

impressions were ripened by intercourse with others of a congenial cast; and of this number was Doctor Franklin, then our minister at the court of Versailles; the splendor of whose reputation as a statesman and philosopher, combined with his republican simplicity, contrasted, also, with the luxury of that polished but dissipated court, was not without its effect in giving a fixed direction to the future course of Mr. B. It was not long before he embarked for the United States, where he married a sister of Mr. L.,* one of the signers of the declaration of independence, from South Carolina, whose father also had been a member of the first congress; and he thenceforth identified his fortunes with those of this country for the remainder of his life, and became one of the constant and zealous supporters of its cause.

From the insalubrity of the climate during the summer and autumn, arising principally from long-continued heat and the inundation of the Rice lands (the latter being essential to that grain through the period of its growth), those of the white inhabitants, who could meet the expense, were in the habit of quitting their estates in the month of June, and repairing, for the preservation of their health, through the warm season, either to Charleston, or the sea-board, or the hilly country of the interior, and did not deem it prudent to return until the frost had extinguished the noxious exhalations which had been generated during the summer. Hence, in this respect, reversing the order of things as practised in the north, and quitting their country-seats at the season of their greatest beauty.

The mansion of Mr. B., which was the ancestral residence of the L——s, was pleasantly situated on the right bank of the South Santee, twenty-five miles from its confluence with the ocean. In its architectural style and general appearance—the massy materials of which it was composed—its spacious halls and polished oaken pannels—its furniture, (a portion of which, and of the family plate, though rich and expensive, was of the fashion of other days,) and in its numerous and well-appointed retinue of household attendants, there was something of Baronial grandeur. For more than one generation it had been known as the abode of opulence, refinement, and hospitality.

It stood upon one of those elevated bluffs which are much prized in that champagne country, and presented opposite fronts, which were ornamented with spacious Grecian porticoes.

One of them looked out upon a grassy lawn of eighty or a hundred acres, decorated with stately oaks, apparently almost coeval

*The younger L., shortly after the Declaration of Independence, undertook, with his lady, a foreign voyage, for the benefit of his health; but the vessel was never afterwards heard from.

with the alluvial soil in which they had vegetated. On the right were gardens, in which were domesticated many of the flowers and fruits, and culinary productions of northern and tropical climates. At a convenient distance, on the right and left of the mansion, out-offices were tastefully arranged; and the lawn itself was terminated by a forest, from which, in their proper season, the honeysuckle, the sweet-scented jessamine, and the magnolia-grandi-flora sent forth their perfumes.

The other front presented an extensive view upon the river; on the opposite side of which, during the summer months, the Rice crops waved over fields of thousands of acres in extent, and upon a surface so level und unbroken, that in casting one's eye up and down the river, there was not for miles, an intervening object to obstruct the sight. These were bounded by morasses, covered with wood, in which the cypress-tree, rooted in a soil of unrivalled fertility, flourished with gigantic luxuriance; and in whose lofty branches the timid and beautiful wood-duck built its nest, and hatched its young, and ruffled its plumage, in its occasional alarms at the splash of the alligator in some pool beneath.

Here, too, within the limits of a few miles upon the banks of the South Santee, South-Carolina, still in the days of her chivalry, could point to many of both sexes as amongst the flower of her population: the Pinkneys, the Middletons, the Lynches, the Motts, the Shulebreads, the Horrys, and others; where wealth, hereditary distinction, and educated talent, and services in the military field or the councils of the nation, gave them a consideration which few parts of the country had excelled.

Adjoining Peach-tree — the name given to Mr. B——'s abode — was Fairfield, the seat of Major, afterwards Major-General, Thomas Pinkney, who had just returned from his embassies of several years to the courts of Madrid and St. James. He had received these appointments from President Washington: and was said, by competent judges, who were well acquainted with both, more to resemble that peerless man, in character, than any other living. In the vicinity was also the mansion of Mrs. Mott, a lady whose name has long since, taken a conspicuous place in the history of her country — the same who, when the war of the revolution was raging in South Carolina, delivered with her own hands, to the commander of the American forces, the fagots which were to consume her dwelling, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy; and being used as a post to annoy her countrymen.

At the distance of a mile or two to the north, is the North Santee. A few miles *up* the country, the river known as the Santee, and which is formed by the waters of the Wateree and Congaree, divides it

self into two branches, and again unites below, including between the two an island of several miles in length, and of various width ; constituting, perhaps, one of the most valuable tracts in the world for the cultivation of Rice.

Upon the North Santee, too, was a very intelligent population, who planted upon the opposite side of the same island, including,—amongst others, Major Hamilton, favorably known as a soldier of the revolution, (father of the present General Hamilton of that State).

A few miles farther to the north were the Hugers, the Allstons, the Waitises, the Trapiers, the Bloomfields, the Kinlocks, and others, who gave celebrity to Georgetown, and the banks of the Sampit, and the Waccamaw.

Distinguished amongst the latter, was the younger Huger,* who then filled a large space in the public eye, from his perilous though unsuccessful attempt, in concert with Doctor Bollman, to rescue the Marquis De La Fayette from the prison of Olmutz ; and which cost *himself* many months confinement in a dungeon of only eight feet square,—a part of that time with an iron chain about his body, made fast to the floor.† Many years have since past by, and now, “after life’s fitful fever,” the Emperor Joseph, and the illustrious victim of Austrian tyranny, are wrapped alike in the cerements of the tomb. But the gallant American still survives, in the person of Col. Huger ; beloved and honored, and enjoying, in elegant retirement, the consciousness of his noble daring.

To one conversant only with the dense population and extensive clearings in the northern States, this part of the country presents a striking contrast ; and becomes a source of untiring novelty. It is also unlike the settlements and small farms in the *interior* short-staple-cotton-growing districts in the same State ; the population of the low country being, for the most part, dispersed into isolated residences.

The agricultural improvements are found, almost exclusively, upon the rich alluvial river bottoms, or upon the fertile savannahs, when the latter are supplied with sufficient water to form a head for overflowing the rice-fields ; the water being, as we have already remarked, essential to the crop.

With the exception of now and then a small stream, there called

* Francis K. Huger.

† These aggravating particulars concerning the confinement of Mr. Huger were derived from his brother, General Benjamin Huger, late Member of Congress from South Carolina, now deceased, in a visit, at his seat upon the Waccamaw, near Georgetown, in the spring of 1798. These two gentlemen were sons of Colonel Benjamin Huger, who, in the war of the revolution, fell before Charleston ; and whose name is never mentioned in South Carolina, but in terms of admiration for his valor and worth.

a branch, whither the deer resort to drink, and whose borders are margined with different kinds of grasses and shrubs, upon which they love to browse, the country, aloof from the river bottoms and savannahs, seems as if it were one interminable forest of pine-barren. It is threaded by narrow avenues through the tall pines, whose branches frequently unite at the top, and form a canopy over the head of the traveller; and these avenues are so straight, and level, and unvaried, that he wearies his eye in looking forward through, what appears to him, an endless trail. Should but a deer or wild turkey flit across his track, he can descry them as far as the eye can reach. Occasionally he diverges to the right or left, through some still narrower defile; and arriving at a gateway, suddenly leaves the wilderness behind him. He finds it the residence of a planter; and in the days of which I am speaking, was sure of a welcome; and hospitality, the more cordial in proportion to the length of the visit.

In recurring to the little brick church, which stood four miles off in the midst of the forest, and almost hidden from view, I well remember that the impressive solemnities of the sabbath were increased by the peculiarities of the rustic scenes by which it was surrounded. It pointed no spire above the trees to denote its location, nor called us together by the sound of its bell; but its entire seclusion from the world of care, of toil, or amusement, with which we were conversant through the week, was in keeping with the meditations and devotions which invited us to its doors. Our rides also, and walks through the retired avenues, which led us thither; the stillness of which was interrupted only by the cooing of the dove, and the murmurs of the breeze as it played through the tops of the long-leaved pines, contributed to compose the mind for the duties of the day.

To myself it was at once interesting and novel to see the inhabitants emerging from the forest as through so many radii, and meeting, by concert, at this little church as the common centre. *There* were to be seen the plain overseer, dressed in the clean blue and white domestic cotton manufacture of the country, dismounting from his horse, or handing his wife or daughter from the stick-gig* peculiar to the country; and the more wealthy and better accommodated planter, and his fashionable family, with their coaches and four, and liveried attendants.

One of the most *imposing* spectacles that this southern country presents, is a pine forest on fire in the night. Sometimes from ac-

* The body, somewhat in the form of a large Windsor chair, morticed into the shafts, which were bolted to the axle-tree, and without springs; the evenness of the roads rendering springs unnecessary.

dent, at others (though prohibited in the neighborhood of the plantations) it results from burning the dry grass in the winter, for the purpose of facilitating a new growth in the spring. The trees, being highly charged with turpentine, and inflammable in proportion to their decay, occasionally take fire, and burn with uncontrollable fury. In the progress of decay, while the woody part is of itself highly combustible, the turpentine retires towards the heart, and, thus condensed, becomes a still more inflammable material. A wound in the trunk or branches causes the fluid, with which the tree is saturated, to trickle down upon the outside, by that means forming a conductor for the flame. When the tree has lost its vitality, from being worn out by age or scathed by lightning, (a fact of constant occurrence,) and the woody part above the ground has dissolved or crumbled away, the roots and stump form a receptacle for the turpentine which appertained to it in its previous stages.

The fire, when once communicated to the dry grass and underbrush, spreads rapidly *before* the wind, and also beats up *against* it, in a manner which seems as if the two opposing elements were contending for the mastery. Soon it is perceived licking up the crusted turpentine at the foot of the trees, and running to the tops and extremities of the utmost branches. The old and decayed are quickly in one general flame; and thousands on every side, (some of them presenting heights of more than a hundred feet,) flash in brilliant contrast against the dark back-ground of the sky. While the giant forms of some stand erect, wrapped in flames, of which they themselves furnish the aliment; others totter as the fire undermines them at their base; and others fall, with a crash which, echoes amidst the roar and crackling of the fire, and send upwards a shower of burning sparks and embers.

Those that are green do not readily ignite; but the flame may be seen raging at the foot, and making ineffectual efforts to mount aloft. On others a streak of turpentine, which has dripped from above, affords it access. It thus finds its way to the top, and there assumes the appearance of a lanthorn suspended in the air; and the green branches below are sufficiently contrasted with its light, to render its location the more conspicuous. Again, at the roots of a departed pine, whither the turpentine of the former tree has retired, the fire has worked its way underground: and thence belches forth as from the mouth of a subterraneous cavern.

Between the dark vault of the heavens above, and the glare of the flames beneath, with every object, amidst this boundless wilderness of fire, distinctly visible, the effect becomes additionally grand and imposing *from the absence of every living being*; for even

the beasts of the forest have fled in terror before it. The first impression is, that in such a stirring combat of the elements, other and *animated* agents must be mingling in the strife. Disappointment, however, but adds to its sublimity ; for it appears as if nature, *in this dead of night*, and *the solitude* with which she has surrounded herself, were carrying on some splendid operation intended for herself alone.

To be continued.

TO A SUNBEAM.

HAST thou wandered o'er the billow ?
 Hast thou slept upon the strand ?
 Glowing sunbeam ! glorious treasure !
 Better lov'st thou sea or land ?
 Hast thou sought the ocean's daughters,
 The bright Nereides in their bowers ?
 Dost thou better love the waters,
 Or the vallies and the flowers ?

Whither hast thou been, — oh whither,
 Since we met at break of day ?
 Hast thou roamed across the ocean,
 And the earth, transcendant ray ;
 Hast thou smiled on rock and mountain ?
 Hast thou kissed the happy stream,
 And cheered the chill and lonely fountain
 With thy light, benignant beam ?

Hast thou laved thy plume ethereal
 Where enchanting naiads glide
 Blending with their soft eyes' flashes
 In the circling azure tide ?
 Hast thou sought the glacial wonders,
 Hast thou glanced upon the brine,
 And dwelt amidst the mighty thunders,
 Of the wild and storied Rhine ?

Dost thou seek the starry dwellings,
 Clustered high in countless numbers,
 When we rest from toil — from anguish,
 Thronging o'er us in our slumbers ?
 Messenger of light and pleasure !
 Hope's sweet emblem ! Type of glory !
 Golden glow ! delicious treasure !
 Whisper to my heart, thy story.

T. H. H.

MODERN BRITISH POETS.*

IN earlier days the greatest poets addressed themselves more to the passions or heart-emotions of their fellow-men than to their thoughts or mind-emotions. The passions were then in their natural state, and held their natural place in the character. They were not made sickly by a false refinement, or stimulated to a diseased and incessantly craving state. Men loved and hated to excess, perhaps; but there was nothing factitious in their love or hatred. The tone of poetry, even when employed on the most tragic subjects, might waken in the hearer's heart a chord of joy; for in such natural sorrow there was a healthful life, an energy which told of healing yet to come and the endless riches of love and hope.

How different is its tone in Faust and Manfred; how false to simple nature, yet how true to the time! As the mechanism of society has become more complex, and must be regulated more by combined efforts, desire after individuality brings him who manifests it into a state of conflict with society. This is felt from a passion, whether it be love or ambition, which seeks to make its own world independent of trivial daily circumstances, and struggles long against the lessons of experience, which tell it that such singleness of effort and of possession cannot be, consistently with that grand maxim of the day, *the greatest happiness of the greatest number*. Not until equally enlightened and humble, can the human being learn that individuality of character is not necessarily combined with individuality of possession, but depends alone on the zealous observance of truth. Few can be wise enough to realize with Schiller, that "to be truly immortal one must live in the whole." The mind struggles long, before it can resolve on sacrificing any thing of its impulsive nature to the requisitions of the time. And while it struggles it mourns, and these lamentations compose the popular poetry. Men do not now look in poetry for a serene world, amid whose vocal groves and green meads they may refresh themselves after the heat of action, and in Paradisaical quiet listen to the tales of other days. No! dissatisfied and repressed, they want to be made to weep, because, in so doing, they feel themselves in some sense free.

All this conflict and apparently bootless fretting and wailing mark a transition-state — a state of gradual revolution, in which men try all things, seeking what they hold best, and feel that it is good. But

* Concluded from the September Number.

there are some, the pilot-minds of the age, who cannot submit to pass all their lives in experimentalizing. They cannot consent to drift across the waves in the hope of finding *somewhere* a haven and a home; but, seeing the blue sky over them, and believing that God's love is every where, try to make the best of that spot on which they have been placed, and, not unfrequently, by the aid of spiritual assistance, more benign than that of Faust's Lemures, win from the raging billows large territories, whose sands they can convert into Eden bowers, tenanted by lovely and majestic shapes.

Such are Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. They could not be satisfied, like Byron, with embodying the peculiar wit or peculiar sufferings of the time; nor like Scott, with depicting an era which has said its say and produced its fruit: nor like Campbell, with occasionally giving a voice and a permanent being to some brilliant moment or fair scene. Not of nobler nature, not more richly endowed than Shelley, they were not doomed to misguided efforts and baffled strivings; much less could they, like Moore, consider poetry merely as the harmonious expression of transient sensations. To them Poetry was, must be, the expression of what is eternal in man's nature, through illustrations drawn from his temporal state; a representation in letters of fire, on life's dark curtain, of that which lies beyond; philosophy dressed in the robes of Taste and Imagination; the voice of Nature and of God, humanized by being echoed back from the understanding hearts of Priests and Seers! Of course this could not be the popular poetry of the day. Being eminently the product of reflection and experience, it could only be appreciated by those who had thought and felt with some depth. I confess that it is not the best possible poetry, since so exclusively adapted to the meditative few. In Shakspeare, or Homer, there is for minds of every grade as much as they are competent to receive, the shallow or careless find there amusement; minds of a higher order, meaning which enlightens and beauty which enchants them.

This fault which I have admitted, this want of universality is not surprising, since it was necessary for these three poets to stand apart from the tide of opinion, and disregard the popular tastes, in order to attain firmness, depth, or permanent beauty. And they being, as I have said, the pilot-minds of their time, their works enjoy a growing, though not a rapidly growing, popularity.

Coleridge, in particular, is now very much read, nor, notwithstanding his was but occasional homage to the shrine of poesy, was he the least valuable votary of the three, since, if he has done least, if his works form a less perfect whole, and are therefore less satisfactory than those of the other two, he is far more suggestive, more filled with the divine magnetism of intuition, than they.

The muse of Southey is a beautiful statue of crystal, in whose bosom burns an immortal flame. We hardly admire, as they deserve, the perfection of the finish, and the elegance of the contours, because our attention is so fixed on the radiance which glows through them.

Thus Southey is remarkable for the fidelity, and still more for the grace, of his descriptions; for his elegant manner of expressing sentiments noble, delicate, and consistent in their tone; for his imagination, but, more than all, for his expansive and fervent piety.

In his fidelity of description there is nothing of the minute accuracy of Scott. Southey takes no pleasure in making little dots and marks; his style is free and bold, yet always true, sometimes elaborately true, to nature. Indeed, if he has a fault, it is that he elaborates too much. He himself has said that poetry should be "thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural." His poetry cannot always boast of the two last essentials. Even in his most brilliant passages there is nothing of the heat of inspiration, nothing of that celestial fire which makes us feel that the author has, by intensifying the action of his mind, raised himself to communion with superior intelligences. It is where he is most calm that he is most beautiful; and, accordingly, he is more excellent in the expression of sentiment than in narration. Scarce any writer presents to us a sentiment with such a tearful depth of expression; but though it is a tearful depth, those tears were shed long since, and Faith and Love have hallowed them. You nowhere are made to feel the bitterness, the vehemence of present emotion; but the phoenix born from passion is seen hovering over the ashes of what was once combined with it. Southey is particularly exquisite in painting those sentiments which arise from the parental and filial relation: whether the daughter looks back from her heavenly lover, and the opening bowers of bliss, still tenderly solicitous for her father, whom she, in the true language of woman's heart, recommends to favor, as

"That wretched, persecuted, *poor good* man;"

Or the father, as in "Thalaba," shows a faith in the benignity and holiness of his lost daughter, which the lover, who had given up for her so high a destiny, wanted; — or, as in "Roderick," the miserable, sinful child wanders back to relieve himself from the load of pollution at the feet of a sainted mother; always — always he speaks from a full, a sanctified soul, in tones of thrilling melody.

The imagination of Southey is marked by similar traits; there is no flash, no scintillation about it, but a steady light as of day itself.

As specimens of his best manner, I would mention the last stage of Thalaba's journey to the Domdaniel Caves, and, in the "Curse of Kehama," the sea-palace of Baly, "The Glendoveer," and "The Ship of Heaven." As Southey's poems are not very generally read, I will extract the two latter :

"THE SHIP OF HEAVEN.

"THE ship of heaven, instinct with thought displayed
Its living sail and glides along the sky,
On either side, in wavy tide,
The clouds of morn along its path divide;
The winds that swept in wild career on high,
Before its presence check their charmed force;
The winds that, loitering, lagged along their course
Around the living bark enamored play,
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

"That bark in shape was like the furrowed shell
Wherein the sea-nymphs to their parent king,
On festal days their duteous offerings bring;
Its hue? go watch the last green light
Ere evening yields the western sky to night,
Or fix upon the sun thy strenuous sight
Till thou hast reached its orb of chrysolite.
The sail, from end to end displayed,
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the maid;
An angel's head with visual eye,
Through trackless space directs its chosen way;
Nor aid of wing, nor foot nor fin,
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.
Smooth as the swan when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven."

Southey professes to have borrowed the description of the Glendoveer from an old and forgotten book. He has given the prose extract in a note to the "Curse of Kehama," and I think no one can compare the two without feeling that the true alchymy has been at work there. His poetry is a new and life-giving element to the very striking thoughts he borrowed. Charcoal and diamonds are not more unlike in their effect upon the observer,

"THE GLENDOVEER.

"Of human form divine was he,
The immortal youth of heaven who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our mortal race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire—
The wings of eagle or of cherubim
Had seemed unworthy him;
Angelic power and dignity and grace
Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck
Down to the ankle reached their swelling web
Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck
Imperial majesty:

love, but our respect ; — *this* Southey alone has done, perhaps alone could do. As a scene of unrivalled excellence, both for its meaning and its manner, I would mention that of Florinda's return with "Roderic," (who is disguised as a monk, and whom she does not know,) to her father ; when after such a strife of heart-rending words and heart-broken tears, they, exhausted, seat themselves on the bank of the little stream, and watch together the quiet moon. Never has Christianity spoken in accents of more penetrating tenderness since the promise was given to them that be weary and heavy-laden.

Of Coleridge I shall say little. Few minds are capable of fathoming his by their own sympathies, and he has left us no adequate manifestation of himself as a poet by which to judge him. For his dramas, I consider them complete failures, and more like visions than dramas. For a metaphysical mind like his to attempt that walk, was scarcely more judicious than it would be for a blind man to essay painting the bay of Naples. Many of his smaller pieces are perfect in their way, indeed no writer could excel him in depicting a single mood of mind, as *Dejection*, for instance. Could Shakespeare have surpassed these lines ?

"A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear.
O Lady, in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
Have I been gazing on the western sky
And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
And still I gaze — and with how blank an eye !
And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars ;
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen ;
Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless, lake of blue ;
I see them all, so excellently fair,
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !
My genial spirits fail
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the West,
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

Give Coleridge a canvass, and he will paint a single mood as if his colors were made of the mind's own atoms. Here he is very unlike Southey. There is nothing of the spectator about Coleridge ; he is all life ; not impassioned, not vehement, but searching, intellectual life, which seems "listening through the frame" to its own pulses.

I have little more to say at present except to express a great, though not fanatical veneration for Coleridge, and a conviction that the benefits conferred by him on this and future ages are as yet incalculable. Every mind will praise him for what it can best receive from him. He can suggest to an infinite degree ; he can *in-*form, but he cannot *reform* and *renovate*. To the unprepared he is nothing, to the prepared, every thing. Of him may be said what he said of Nature,

" We receive but what we give,
In kind though not in measure."

I was once requested, by a very sensible and excellent personage, to explain what is meant by "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner." I declined the task. I had not then seen Coleridge's answer to a question of similar tenor from Mrs. Barbauld, or I should have referred to that as an expression, not altogether unintelligible, of the discrepancy which must ever exist between those minds which are commonly styled *rational*, (as the received definition of *common* sense is insensibility to *uncommon* sense,) and that of Coleridge. As to myself, if I understood nothing beyond the execution of those "singularly wild and original poems," I could not tell my gratitude for the degree of refinement which Taste has received from them. To those who cannot understand the voice of Nature or Poetry, unless it speak in Apothegms, and tag each story with a moral, I have nothing to say. My own greatest obligation to Coleridge I have already mentioned, It is for his suggestive power that I thank him.

Wordsworth ! beloved friend and venerated teacher ; it is more easy and perhaps as profitable to speak of thee. It is less difficult to interpret thee, since no *acquired nature*, but merely a theory, severs thee from my mind.

Classification on such a subject is rarely satisfactory, yet I will attempt to define in that way the impressions produced by Wordsworth on myself. I esteem his characteristics to be — of Spirit,

Perfect simplicity,
Perfect truth,
Perfect love.

Of mind or talent,
Calmness,
Penetration,
Power of Analysis.

Of manner,
Energetic greatness,
Pathetic tenderness,
Mild, persuasive eloquence.

The time has gone by when groundlings could laugh with impunity at "Peter Bell" and the "Idiot's Mother." Almost every line of Wordsworth has been quoted and requoted; every feeling echoed back, and every drop of that "cup of still and serious thought" drunk up by some "spirit profound." Enough to satisfy the giver.

Wordsworth is emphatically the friend and teacher of mature years. Youth, in whose bosom "the stately passions burn," is little disposed to drink with him from the

"urn
Of lowly pleasure."

He has not an idealizing tendency, if by this be meant the desire of creating, from materials supplied by our minds, and by the world in which they abide for a season, a new and more beautiful world. It is the aspiration of a noble nature animated by genius, it is allied with the resolve for self-perfection; and few, without some of its influence, can bring to blossom the bud of any virtue. It is fruitful in illusions, but those illusions have heavenly truth interwoven with their temporary errors. But the mind of Wordsworth, like that of the man of science, finds enough of beauty in the real present world. He delights in penetrating the designs of God, rather than in sketching designs of his own. Generally speaking, minds in which the faculty of observation is so prominent, have little enthusiasm, little dignity of sentiment. That is, indeed, an intellect of the first order, which can see the great in the little, and dignify the petty operations of Nature, by tracing through them her most sublime principles. Wordsworth scrutinizes man and nature with the exact and searching eye of a Cervantes, a Fielding, or a Richter, but without any love for that humorous wit which cannot obtain its needful food unaided by such scrutiny; while dissection merely for curiosity's sake is his horror. He has the delicacy of perception, the universality of feeling which distinguish Shakspeare and the three or four other poets of the first class, and might have taken rank with them had he been equally gifted with versatility of talent. Many might reply, "in wanting this last he wants the better half." To this I cannot agree. Talent, or facility in making use of thought, is dependent, in a great measure, on education and circumstance; while thought itself is immortal as the soul from which it radiates. Wherever we perceive a profound thought, however imperfectly expressed, we offer a higher homage than we can to common-place thoughts, however beautiful, or if expressed with all that grace of art which it is often most easy for ordinary minds to acquire. There is a suggestive and stimulating power in original thought which cannot be gauged by the first sensation or temporary effect it

produces. The circles grow wider and wider as the impulse is propagated through the deep waters of eternity. An exhibition of talent causes immediate delight ; almost all of us can enjoy seeing a thing well done ; not all of us can enjoy being roused to do and dare for ourselves. Yet when the mind *is* roused to penetrate the secret meaning of each human effort, a higher pleasure and a greater benefit may be derived from the rude but masterly sketch, than from the elaborately finished miniature. In the former case our creative powers are taxed to supply what is wanting, while in the latter our tastes are refined by admiring what another has created. Now, since I esteem Wordsworth as superior in originality and philosophic unity of thought, to the other poets I have been discussing, I give him the highest place, though they may be superior to *him* either in melody, brilliancy of fancy, dramatic power, or general versatility of talent. Yet I do not place him on a par with those who combine those minor excellences with originality and philosophic unity of thought. He is not a Shakspeare, but he is the greatest poet of the day ; and this is more remarkable, as he is, *par excellence*, a didactic poet.

I have paid him the most flattering tribute in saying that there is not a line of his which has not been quoted and requoted. Men have found such a response to their lightest as well as their deepest feelings, such beautiful morality with such lucid philosophy, that every thinking mind has, consciously or unconsciously, appropriated something from Wordsworth. Those who have never read his poems have imbibed some part of their spirit from the public or private discourse of his happy pupils ; and it is, as yet, impossible to estimate duly the effect which the balm of his meditations has had in allaying the fever of the public heart, as exhibited in the writings of Byron and Shelley.

But, as I said before, he is not for youth, he is too tranquil. His early years were passed in listening to, his mature years in interpreting, the oracles of Nature ; and though in pity and in love he sympathizes with the conflicts of life, it is not by mingling his tears with the sufferer's, but by the consolations of patient faith, that he would heal their griefs.

The sonnet on Tranquillity, to be found in the present little volume, exhibits him true to his old love and natural religion.

" Tranquillity ! the solemn aim wert thou
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore ;
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore,
 The tragic muse thee served with thoughtful vow ;
 And what of hope Elysium could allow
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore
 Peace to the mourner's soul ; but he who wore
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow,
 Warmed our sad being with his glorious light ;
 Then arts which still had drawn a softening grace

From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,
Communed with that idea face to face;
And move around it now as planets run,
Each in its orbit round the central sun."

The doctrine of tranquillity does not suit the impetuous blood of the young, yet some there are, who, with pulses of temperate and even though warm and lively beat, are able to prize such poetry from their earliest days. One young person in particular I knew, very like his own description of

"Those whose hearts every hour run wild,
But never yet did go astray;"

who had read nothing but Wordsworth, and had by him been plentifully fed. I do not mean that she never scum novels nor dipped into periodicals; but she never, properly speaking, read, i. e. comprehended and reflected upon, any other book. But as all knowledge has been taught by Professor Jacotot from the *Telemachus* of Fenelon, so was she taught the secrets of the universe from Wordsworth's poems. He pointed out to her how

"The primal duties shine aloft, like stars,
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man — like flowers."

He read her lectures about the daisy, the robin-red-breast, and the waterfall. He taught her to study Nature and *feel* God's presence; to enjoy and prize human sympathies without needing the stimulus of human passions; to love beauty with a faith which enabled her to perceive it amid seeming ugliness, to hope goodness so as to create it. And she was a very pretty specimen of Wordsworthianism; so sincere, so simple, so animated and so equable, so hopeful and so calm. She was confiding as an infant, and so may remain till her latest day, for she has no touch of idolatry; and her trustfulness is not in any chosen person or persons, but in the goodness of God, who will always protect those who are true to themselves and sincere towards others.

But the young in general are idolaters. They will have their private chapels of ease in the great temple of nature; they will ornament according to fancy, their favorite shrines; and ah! too frequently look with aversion or contempt upon all others. Till this ceases to be so, till they can feel the general beauty of design, and live content to be immortal in the grand whole, they cannot really love Wordsworth; nor can to them "the simplest flower" bring "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." Happy his pupils; they are gentle, they are calm, and they must always be progressing

in knowledge ; for, to a mind which can sympathize with his, no hour, no scene can possibly be barren.

The contents of the lately published little volume* accord perfectly, in essentials, with those of the preceding four. The sonnets are like those he has previously written,—equally unfinished as sonnets, equally full of meaning as poems. If it be the case with all his poems, that scarcely one forms a perfect whole by itself, but is valuable as a leaf out of his mind, it is peculiarly so with his sonnets. I presume he only makes use of this difficult mode of writing because it is a concise one for the expression of a single thought or a single mood. I know not that one of his sonnets is polished and wrought to a point, as this most artistical of all poems should be ; but neither do I know one which does not contain something we would not willingly lose. As the beautiful sonnet which I shall give presently, whose import is so wide and yet so easily understood, contains in the motto, what Messer Petrarca would have said in the two concluding lines.

(Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime—)
“ Wait, prithee, wait ! this answer Lesbia threw
Forth to her dove, and took no further heed ;
Her eyes were busy, while her fingers flew
Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed ;
But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed,
She rose, and toward the shut casement drew,
Whence the poor, unregarded favorite, true
To old affections, had been heard to plead
With flapping wing for entrance — What a shriek
Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain
Of harmony ! — a shriek of terror, pain,
And self-reproach ! — for from aloft a kite
Pounced, and the dove, which from its ruthless beak
She could not rescue, perished in her sight ! ”

Even the Sonnet upon Sonnets, so perfect in the details, is not perfect as a whole.

However, I am not so fastidious as some persons about the dress of a thought. These sonnets are so replete with sweetness and spirit, that we can excuse their want of symmetry ; and probably should not feel it, except from comparison with more highly-finished works of the same kind. One more let me extract, which should be laid to heart :

“ Desponding father ! mark this altered bough,
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
Or moist with dews ; what more unsightly now,
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,

* Yarrow revisited, and other poems.

Invisible! yet Spring her genial brow
 Knits not o'er that discoloring and decay
 As false to expectation. Nor fret thou
 At like unlovely process in the May
 Of human life; a stripling's graces blow,
 Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall
 (Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow
 Rich mellow bearings that for thanks shall call;
 In all men sinful is it to be slow
 To hope—in parents sinful above all."

"Yarrow Revisited" is a beautiful reverie. It ought to be read as such, for it has no determined aim. These are fine verses.

"And what for this frail world were all
 That mortals do or suffer,
 Did no responsive harp, no pen,
 Memorial tribute offer?
 Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
 Her features, could they win us,
 Unhelped by the poetic voice
 That hourly speaks within us?"

"Nor deem that localized romance
 Plays false with our affections;
 Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
 For fanciful dejections;
 Ah, no! the visions of the past
 Sustain the heart in feeling
 Life as she is—our changeful life,
 With friends and kindred dealing."

And this stanza,

"Eternal blessings on the Muse,
 And her divine employment!
 The blameless Muse, who trains her sons
 For hope and calm enjoyment;
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
 Has o'er their pillow brooded;
 And care waylay their steps—a sprite
 Not easily eluded."

reminds us of what Scott says in his farewell to the Harp of the North:

"Much have I owed thy streams, on life's long way,
 Through secret woes, the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitter was the grief devoured alone,
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own."

"The Egyptian Maid" is distinguished by a soft visionary style of painting, and a stealthy alluring movement, like the rippling of advancing waters, which I do not remember elsewhere in Wordsworth's writings.

"The Armenian Lady's love" is a fine ballad. The following verses are admirable for delicacy of sentiment and musical sweetness.

" Judge both fugitives with knowledge ;
 In those old romantic days
 Mighty were the soul's commandments
 To support, restrain, or raise.
 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,
 But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

" Thought infirm ne'er came between them,
 Whether printing desert sands
 With accordant steps, or gathering
 Forest fruit with social hands ;
 Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam
 Bend with the breeze their heads beside a crystal stream."

The Evening Voluntaries are very beautiful in manner, and full of suggestions. The second is worth extracting as a forcible exhibition of one of Wordsworth's leading opinions.

" Not in the lucid intervals of life
 That come but as a curse to party strife ;
 Not in some hour when pleasure with a sigh
 Of languor, puts his rosy garland by ;
 Not in the breathing times of that poor slave
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave,
 Is nature felt, or can be ; nor do words
 Which practised talent readily affords
 Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords.
 Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
 With genuine rapture and with fervent love
 The soul of genius, if he dares to take
 Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ;
 Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
 Of all the truly great and all the innocent ;
 But who is innocent ? By grace divine,
 Not otherwise, O Nature ! we are thine,
 Through good and evil thine, or just degree
 Of rational and manly sympathy,
 To all that earth from pensive hearts is stealing,
 And heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,
 Add every charm the universe can show
 Through every change its aspects undergo,
 Care may be respited, but not repealed ;
 No perfect cure grows on that bounded field,
 Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,
 If he through whom alone our conflicts cease,
 Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,
 Come not to speed the soul's deliverance ;
 To the distempered intellect refuse
 His gracious help, or give what we abuse."

But nothing in this volume better deserves attention than " Lines suggested by a Portrait from the pencil of F. Stone," and " Stanzas on the Power of Sound." The first for a refinement and justness of thought rarely surpassed, and the second for a lyric flow, a swelling inspiration, and a width of range, which Wordsworth has never equalled, except in the " Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and the noble ode, or rather hymn, to Deity. It should be read entire, and I shall not quote a line. By a singular naiveté the poet

has prefixed to these stanzas a table of contents. This distrust of his reader seems to prove that he had risen above his usual level.

What more to the purpose can we say about Wordsworth, except — read him. Like his beloved nature, to be known he must be loved. His thoughts may be transfused, but never adequately interpreted. Verily,

“To paint *his* being to a grovelling mind,
Were like describing pictures to the blind.”

But no one, in whose bosom there yet lives a spark of nature or feeling, need despair of some time sympathizing with him; since one of the most brilliantly factitious writers of the day, one I should have singled out as seven-fold shielded against his gentle influence, has paid him so feeling a tribute:

“How must thy lone and lofty soul have gone
Exulting on its way, beyond the loud
Self-taunting mockery of the scoffers grown
Tethered and dulled to Nature, in the crowd!
Earth has no nobler, no more moral sight
Than a Great Poet, whom the world disowns,
But stills not, neither angers; from his height
As from a star, float forth his sphere-like tones;
He wits not whether the vexed herd may hear
The music wafted to the reverent ear;
And for Man’s wrath, or scorn, or heed above,
Smiles down the calm disdain of his majestic love!”

[*From Stanzas addressed by Bulwer to Wordsworth.*]

Read him, then, in your leisure hours, and when you walk into the summer fields you shall find the sky more blue, the flowers more fair, the birds more musical, your minds more awake, and your hearts more tender, for having held communion with him.

I have not troubled myself to point out the occasional affectations of Southey, the frequent obscurity of Coleridge, or the diffuseness of Wordsworth. I should fear to be treated like the critic mentioned in a story Addison quotes from Boccacini, whom Apollo rewarded for his labors by presenting him with a bushel of chaff from which all the wheat had been winnowed. For myself I think that where there is such beauty and strength, we can afford to be silent about slight defects; and that we refine our tastes more effectually by venerating the grand and lovely, than by detecting the little and mean.

M. F.

THE SERENADE.

ONCE, in those unforgotten hours,
 When Life was fresh, and fair, and new —
 And all its buds and all its flowers
 Hung drooping with the early dew;
 Before on feeling fell a blight,
 Or any rose of thought could fade —
 My lover came one starry night,
 And woke me with a Serenade.

The music o'er my senses stole,
 And, sweetly mingling with my dream,
 Transported my imprisoned soul
 To bliss, on its melodious stream;
 I never shall forget the song,
 Or the sweet tune the dear one played,
 As the soft night-wind bore along
 The verses of that Serenade.

He sung of love, of constant love,
 Of his devotion, pure and deep;
 And called the brightest star above
 To sentinel my happy sleep.
 At first I listened doubtingly,
 My heart was of its joy afraid —
 Till through the gloom I saw 'twas he,
 Who sung to me that Serenade.

Long years have vanished since I heard
 His song — and Time has sadly flown;
 Yet I have treasured every word,
 And pondered every melting tone
 Of that dear voice. He wandered far,
 And to a distant region strayed,
 Where, guided by some lovelier star,
 Perchance he sings that Serenade.

The bloom has faded from my cheek,
 My life, alas! has lost its smile;
 With other songs I vainly seek
 My spirits' sadness to beguile;
 For how can I be happy more,
 Thus, in my fondest hope betrayed —
 Can any charm in life restore
 That sweet and simple Serenade?

When Midnight, from her ebony throne,
 Flings over Earth a brilliant veil,
 That pure, and deep, and thrilling tone
 Floats faintly on the gentle gale.
 And sometimes when the dawn is near,
 And sometimes through the evening's shade,
 Too faithful Memory bids me hear
 The music of his Serenade.

P. B.

LITTLE WHITE HAT.

CONCLUDED.

"You know, Sir," began Helmod, "that you begged us, after we had finished our hunter's meal yesterday on the chase, to take a look, before closing the day, at the southern woods. You gave each one his post, and marked the spot where we were to assemble after the chase might be finished. Mechanically I followed, on my little horse, the three grooms you had furnished me; but, to be frank, the chase had few charms for me, I was already tired. At first I listened to the pleasant notes of my hunter-boys; but soon their music lulled me into the thoughts that have long since occupied my mind. After some time I looked up and found myself alone; the horns were still, I could no longer hear the barking of the hounds, and my horse strolled quietly on, nipping the bushes as he passed through the narrow paths of the wood. In vain I called; echoes were the only answer I could hear. I was lost, and in an entirely unknown region. For hours I roved about from one footpath to another, of which I found plenty, and I turned my horse at length to the one that lead me towards the setting sun, thinking it the best; but I sought in vain for an opening in the woods, that I might espy some beacon to guide me. Up hill and down hill I rode along, becoming more and more bewildered in the thick woods, and huge masses of rock, which seemed to have been hurled with giant's might among the trees and mountains. At length I heard the rippling of waters, and I came to the banks of a river; and as I was fatigued and thirsty, I stopped, and succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting a drink of the water, as the banks were high and bushy. I concluded to bivouac there, and in the morning to follow the stream, which I thought must bring me to some human habitations. But, though exhausted by the fatigues of the day, I endeavored in vain to sleep; and the moon, which rose between the summits of two mountains, to reflect its bright beams in the murmuring waters, found me still waking and watchful. Suddenly I heard a noise in the bushes, and a little form in a scarlet cloak and white hat stood before me."

"Little White Hat!" whispered the astonished Count Thielo. "The boy approached me," continued Helmod, "and begged me to assist him. 'The children of Winzenburg have been robbed,' said

he hastily ; ‘on the other side of the river is the ambush of the robbers. If you have courage, come on, and bear back the little ones to Catharine.’ I sprang up, and wished to know more, but the little man was pressing, and led the way to an easy ford, where he pointed out a narrow pathway on the opposite side of the river, easily discernible by the moonlight, and which, he said, would guide us to the lurking place of the villains. Having described the way to be pursued, he mounted a stone, and desired to cross the stream with me, and then swung himself behind me on the saddle. He was as light as a feather, and my horse found but little additional burden in my companion. Having touched in safety the opposite bank, I looked around for my little friend, but he was gone ; and fearing the boy might have slipt off into the water, I ran, quite frightened, to the river side, to find, if possible, some trace of my lost companion. There was nothing to be found of him ; the river flowed on smoothly ; the moon was bright ; there was no scream of fear or anxiety to be heard ; no garment or limb of a human creature visible. I returned to the footpath, somewhat in doubt as to the course to be pursued, but there being but little choice and much to be gained if the little messenger had told me right, and nothing lost, as far as I could see, if it were false, I soon concluded to follow his counsel. The path was covered with underwood, and quite stony ; and finding it difficult to proceed with my horse, I tied him to a tree, then arming myself with a spear and a sword, I pursued the path, trusting to heaven for aid if I should need it. A small light became visible through the bushes, which brought me to a wide open grass-spot, with but few trees to shade it. Following the direction of the fire which had brought me to this spot, I was suddenly surprised by the rough voice of a dark looking man, and almost at the same moment I felt a heavy shock on my right arm, which proved to be a spear, and would have certainly taken my life had it pierced my body instead of my arm. Two dark figures attacked me, well trained soldiers, who would have done honor to a better cause ; the contest was long and dangerous, but heaven protected me, a lucky thrust of my spear threw the first of my enemies, and with my short hunting sword I broke the leg of the second, so that he stumbled, and grasping him with my left hand, I cut his throat with my bleeding right.”

“Thank God !” exclaimed the Count, breathing more freely. “But where did you find the little ones ?”

“Already, during the struggle with the robbers, I heard the sounds of their voices,” said Helmod ; “after satisfying myself that my antagonists were conquered, and having heard the last words of the one whom my spear had fortunately pierced, I followed the

sounds. A light was discernible, which grew larger the nearer I approached a huge tree, at whose foot I found a lantern, and inside of the hollow trunk the half-frightened children. The rest you can easily imagine. In my arms the children became quiet and more confident. I kept watch at the tree, listening to every noise, every whispering of the wind in the trees, still holding my spear and my sword; although my wounded arm, which bled freely and pained me in a great degree, did not promise to render me the same service it had in conquering the villains. The morning at length dawned; Aldo led the way, while I carried Appolonia on my left arm. We came at length to the fisherman's path on the banks of the river, which led us to an open space and a bridge, and soon after we beheld the tower on the Kegelberg, which gave me the encouragement of being able in a short time to deliver the lost ones to your arms."

"They belong to you as well as to me from this day," said Thielo, embracing him; "the privileges and the joys of a father I will henceforth divide with you. You have become a member of my family; and you have long been to me as a son. And now, old Castellian, open kitchen and cellar; Winzenburg shall this day be the scene of joy and feasting, such as was never seen within its walls. Neighbors and huntsmen must join in the revelry, and forget the troubles of the night in song and wine. Let the watchmen of the tower sound the blasts of joy, that every one may be attracted thither who feels inclined for the festival! You, my Helmod, rest here awhile, I will send you the mountain friar to dress your wounds. Catharine has sent twice for the children; run with them, mother, to her chamber; she has felt the anxiety of their parents, and the sight of them will do her good."

Helmod sat lost in thought, his eyes fixed upon the ground, while the listeners, who had stood around him, left one by one, till at length he was quite alone. The voice of Falkenberg aroused him from his reverie.

"You have this night drawn a great prize, Sir Dangast," began the knight, "although much appeared to me fabulous in your story, and much like devil's play. I wish you joy in your prize, though you have obtained it in a most singular manner. The noble Burgrave knows not the ways of the world as we courtiers, and does not comprehend that such a plot as this may be carried into execution and succeed with a little impudence and courage. What I for my part think of it I will keep to myself; and let not the happiness you have gained in so ingenious a manner make you so giddy as to raise your hopes too high, or to abuse the confidence of this family. For, I tell you now, Sir Dangast, if I perceive any more

of those looks, aimed at the prize I have chosen for myself, which I have seen heretofore, you shall feel the claws of the falcon, who allows no small bird of prey to house within the forest where he builds his nest."

Slowly Helmod arose from his seat, and placing himself in front of Falkenberg, he looked him in the eye long and steadily; so that the Count, somewhat confused, retreated.

"Sir Thomas," said Helmod, with a stern voice, "you have called me to fulfil a duty which I am forced to do. Yes, there is much in my tale which I must inform you of; there is much in it which I must explain to you; yet I would do it in secret, and I would forget at the moment that your language to me has not been such as becomes knight to knight; and that your dubious language rather intimated an insult or an accusation. We are at this moment less noticed than we shall be hereafter; and what I must tell you, must be told immediately and before the feast. Therefore follow me into the garden; a few minutes will explain the matter, and your insulting words will change themselves to thanks and gratitude."

Helmod, without waiting for an answer, led the way, followed by the Count, whose expression displayed the anxious expectation and the misgivings of his heart.

The spacious court-yard was filled with the confused crowd of people who had been brought together by the singular occurrences of the night. The Castellian wandered through the crowd in search of the neighboring nobility, who stood here and there in little groups, discussing the singular robbery and recovery of the children, and presented them the invitation from the Count to enter the castle and join the festive board. The servants were running to and fro across the yard, obeying the orders of the housekeeper; the hunter-boys and the peasants were taking care of the hunting equipages, and catching the unkennelled hounds; and the grooms were bestowing all due care upon the wearied chargers, who stood in strange confusion around the court. Many of these had observed the two knights going towards the garden, and had called out their congratulations to Helmod. But soon the attention of all was attracted, as suddenly from the garden a scream was heard, and immediately after the shrill cry of "Murder! Murder! catch the murderer!" from a fine shrill voice, which appeared to come from all sides, re-echoed louder and louder, till at length the cry was heard from every window in the castle and every loop-hole in the tower; and no one could see the person, or whence it came. But their astonishment was not a little increased, when, in the midst of this confusing cry, the garden portal was thrown open, and Sir Thomas Falkenberg rushed forth. His head was uncovered, his

dark curls fluttered in the breeze ; his long sword was unsheathed, and his face was convulsed with dreadful emotions, his eyes rolling with strange and fierce looks. All avoided him ; he hastened to his Turkish charger, who stood still saddled in the yard, and pressing the spurs into his sides, galloped out of the castle gate.

But a stranger sight now met their view. The drawbridge suddenly wavered, and it seemed as if an invisible hand had hold of the chains, and endeavored to draw up the bridge to stop the way of the fleeing rider. But the bulky wood-work seemed too heavy for the feeble hand ; the chains only clanked, the bridge only wavered ; but suddenly a little form appeared on the middle of it, in a scarlet cloak, with a little, withered, pale head, and opening both its arms as if to stop the black charger, it screamed with its shrill voice : " Murderer ! Murderer !" The Arabian courser, already affrighted by the clanking of the chains and the wavering of the bridge, opened his fiery nostrils, and started back, notwithstanding the sharp spurs of the rider ; and rolling his eyes with fear, he reared, and springing sideways, plunged off the bridge into the castle ditch, falling among sharp rocks and remnants of pile-work. The noise of the fall, and the cries of the unfortunate knight, called all to the spot to aid him as soon as the figure of the vision had disappeared like a mist.

They descended into the castle ditch, and raised the unhappy knight. The Arabian courser had broken his neck. From under the animal they took the Count, dreadfully mangled and bruised, bleeding profusely from several wounds he had received ; his head struck a sharp stone, and his drawn sword, that had slipped his hand in the fall, was run through his body. As they carried him towards the castle, Count Thielo rushed out to inquire the new disturbance in the court-yard. But he had hardly advanced to the bleeding body of Falkenberg, dismayed at the sight, when a scream was heard from the garden, that touched the tender strings of the father's heart ; he hastened to the spot with some servants, and found there Catharine, apparently dead, lying across the senseless body of Helmod.

As already related, the proud Thomas of Falkenberg had followed Helmod into the garden. " What now ? " asked the Count, impatiently, as Helmod seemed to hesitate how to word his language. " You see, Sir Dangast, I am condescending, and do even more than you have a right to expect of me, in coming hither to listen to you. If you have a request to ask of me, or wish me to procure some office under the Landgrave for yourself, that you may escape this castle without having your plot discovered and your honor stained, so be it ; but if you still hope to obtain that for which you must strive in

vain, and which you can no more possess than the little child that cries for the moon, I will assist you in all but that, on the conditions before stated to you."

Helmod's eye was raised from the ground, and gazed steadily at the Count's. "The matter between us concerns not me," said Helmod, with stern voice; "but you, and you alone."

"Me? How can that be? How should any thing concerning me come from you?" returned Falkenberg, scornfully, though evidently startled.

"I have some good advice for you," continued Helmod, with significant voice; "which is, that you leave this castle as soon as possible, and as secretly, especially before the festivities in honor of the children's return begin, and promise me beforehand never to return to these halls again."

The countenance of the knight was flushed with rage, and his eyes flashed like balls of fire. "Young man," said he, "has the sleepless night turned your brain, that you talk like a madman? By my shield, your words may do you harm; you may repent of them on the spot."

"You will not understand me," said Helmod; "call my words madness and my forbearance silly. Then I must speak plainly: you, who call yourself, with your high feelings of honor and boasting, the Knight of Falkenberg, you were the robber of the children."

The Count started back, he was startled to his heart's core: it was visible but for a minute, and then, collecting himself, he called up his bold daring, and spoke: "Libeller!" stammered he with quivering lips; "come into the castle, and accuse me before the family; you wish, sly fox, to cast upon me the crime that weighs so heavy on your conscience. Have I not observed that you have been playing the comedy in this robbery of the children to gain a seat in the affections of the family? But your cunning cannot surpass my penetration; you have thrown yourself into the way of destruction. Come and face me before the assembled nobles, then will I meet you on the field, and my sword shall slay you."

Helmod stood calmly before the raging Count. "Let the snake curl as it may, it shall not escape me," said he. "Will you have proofs brought before the assembly of the nobles? Well, I have them. Will you contend with me in the field? I am prepared and willing, as soon as I may recover from the wound on my arm. I should rejoice to be the defender of innocence, and be called the avenging angel of God, as every true knight should wish. But once more, and for the last time, I warn you; fly, and I will remain silent! As the villain, whom my spear had pierced, was dying, I placed my sword upon his breast, and demanded a confession. He

avowed that you, Sir Count, and our cunning cousin Dippold had employed him. You intended to have had the children transported to the Harz mountain, and I shudder to think to what cavern or lurking-place you intended to have carried them, to suffer a most horrible fate. In pity I wished to save the life of the deplorable wretch, that I might bring him hither as a witness against you. But as I extracted the spear from his body, the blood flowed so violently that it was impossible to stop it, and he soon after breathed his last without a pang."

"Then the witness is dead?" interrupted the Count.

"The witness is dead, yet the testimony is still to be had," answered Helmod, firmly. "Little Aldo heard with me the dying confession of the wretch; here, this piece of your scarf I took from him, and concealed it under my jacket; and likewise this letter, directed to the Count Dippold of Assel, the cousin of Thielo. The seal is still unbroken, but your coat of arms is plainly discernible on the seal. Shall it be broken and read before the assembled nobles?"

"Devil! threefold Devil! have you brought all the powers of hell with you to assist in conquering me?" exclaimed the Count in a rage, as he drew his sword. "But you shall not enjoy the triumph of my fall, thou beardless, powerless rival! Draw and defend yourself; for I swear, by all the powers of darkness, one of us only shall ever move from this spot with life."

"You are blind with fear and surprise, Sir Knight," answered Helmod, smiling in pity. "You do not see that my sword is left behind; and you forget that my arm is lame, and without power to contend in a knightly contest. Therefore choose the better way, and save me from the pain of accusing you, which I shall do unwillingly, by the Holy God."

"Yes, I choose the better way!" answered the Count. "Take thy farewell, thou wretched fool! moving along the path of life like a dreaming child! Down with you, and accuse me before the dead, who are silent and will keep thy secret." As he spoke these words, he brought a heavy blow down on the helmet of the youth, so that it snapped in several pieces; and the helpless Helmod sank senseless with a groan to the earth.

The Count seized the scarf of the robber, and the letter, from the grasp of the closed hand of Helmod, and concealed them in his bosom. As he stopped to bethink himself of some lie as the cause of the contest for the family, he beheld Catharine hastening to the spot, and as he heard her scream, the cry of "Murderer!" resounded above, before, behind, and all around him; his senses deserted him, and his pride was forgotten. "Is all hell let loose? Are the dead arisen?" he cried; and with the fear of death before his eyes, he

hurried out of the garden, overthrowing every one that stood in his way, mounted his courser, and suddenly met the above-described vision, which brought him to his end before he had left the castle grounds in which he had been so great a sinner.

It seemed as if all the festivities were to be changed to scenes of sorrow since the new Burgrave had taken possession of Winzenburg Castle. Even more distressing occurrences than those which had interrupted the first festival now disturbed the celebration of the children's restoration. The strangers were struck with panic at the mangled body of Falkenberg; and as they brought in the bodies of the two lovers, many recollected the bloody end of the Count and Countess Hermann, and thought of the story of the castle ghost, which many had beheld on the bridge, and which made the hair of all stand on end; till at last the guests left the castle one by one, the peasants shunned the mountain, and soon the halls were deserted as if a ban had been pronounced on all.

"We, too, must leave to-morrow!" said Count Thielo to Lisberta, as they stood at the side of the bed where Helmod and Catharine were laid.

"What is wealth without peace? Curses and bloodshed haunt these halls, and therefore let us seek some spot in the valley, where we can build a cottage, and live in peace, and leave these gray walls to the dark powers who govern in them."

Lisberta clasped her hands, and bent over her pale and senseless girl. Catharine was the first to come to, and when she saw her beloved Helmod near her, in the sad condition the blow had left him, the pangs of pity and anxiety gave her strength; she raised herself, and kissing the lips of her lover, she called on him to awake, by all the names that love and affection could dictate. Helmod soon awoke from his sleep, that more resembled death than calm repose; he raised his eyes, and beheld his lovely Catharine near him; he embraced her, and the rapture of the moment, a rapture he had not ventured to hope for in his most sanguine moments, aroused all his slumbering powers. As he kissed and pressed the dear girl to his heart, he timidly looked towards the Count, and stammered: "Let me enjoy this one moment, father, and I will yield her, and live in the hopes of the world to come, on whose threshold, a moment since, I stood!" The mother embraced both with tears of joy, while the father raised his hands to invoke a blessing from heaven upon them both; but before his lips had spoken the words, the old Castellian seized the Count by the arm, and begged him to hasten immediately to the dying Count, who was expecting him momentarily. The Count cast an anxious look upon his children, and hearing from the physician that they were out of danger, and

that the blow Helmod had received had only stunned him, he turned and followed the Castellian, but not without some ill feeling toward Falkenberg. In the plainly furnished chamber near the entrance of the castle and the sleeping-room of the Castellian, he found the dying knight, on the bed of the old man, under the care of the mountain friar, who stood at his side with downcast hopeless looks. How changed was the proud courtier! The bloom of manly beauty had faded from his cheeks; his brilliant eye had lost its brightness; and his countenance bore the expression of repentance and despair, which increased the feeling of pity his mangled body excited.

"You have sent me an experienced physician," said he with feeble voice, and raised his right arm, the only unbroken limb of his body, extending it towards Thielo: "he has given up the body and my recovery, but the soul he does not give up, he will save it from eternal damnation if I do penance, the penance of confessing my sins openly, and the only penance that is left me. So listen and be astonished, curse me, and heap them on me when dead. I was the murderer of Count Herrmann and the Countess Emma of Winzenburg, his wife."

With horror Thielo heard these words, and he turned towards the door; but the monk stopped him. "Listen, sir," said he, "and hear the confession, and then thank the invisible avenger of this secret crime, which now strikes agony into every blood drop of his heart."

Thielo seated himself, and listened to the story of Falkenberg, which was often interrupted, and often seemed unconnected when the pains of his bruises increased, or when the fever effected his brain; which difficulty was removed for a while by cooling drinks, which the monk administered in order that he might finish his confessions.

The burthen of his confessions was as follows. As Count Herrmann, grieved at having no heir to his estates, and resigning all hope of ever having one, besides having a gloomy and heartless wife, sought to dispel his gloom by society and gaiety beyond the walls of his own castle, he became acquainted at the court of the Landgrave with the Colonel, Count of Falkenberg; and became very fond of his society, and quite intimate with him. Feasting, and hunting, and dancing succeeded each other, as they moved from one castle to another, seeking variety and diversion, which they never failed to obtain. It was during this intimate acquaintance that they resolved to pass some time at the castle Hanbenberg, belonging to a noble lady, who was called the great beauty of the country; a widow, who was fond of the society of courtiers, over

whom her charms had great power, at the same time that their attentions pleased her and encouraged her vanity. Falkenberg became charmed, and offered her in private his heart and hand, not without great hopes of success, as his conceit told him beforehand. But once he found her false, Count Herrmann was the favored one there was no doubt left; he felt himself laughed at, betrayed, and outdone; and knew that his rival stood in the highest favor with the lady, whom he now recognized to be guilty of a great crime and the murderess of her own virtue.

The man of the world, that Falkenberg was, knew how to lock up the poison in the inmost recesses of his heart; the Count and Countess were ignorant of his discovery, nor did he permit a dark look or a hasty word to betray his hate and his determined revenge; but secretly he swore that death should be the doom of the murderer of his happiness and his love, and longed for an opportunity to complete his dire revenge. Every day, every week, only served to increase the passion that engrossed his heart. At length the dark hour arrived, unexpectedly and unsought for. The hope of an heir made him once more love his own halls and wife; and what he had enjoyed on his rambles, he doubly repaid now in his own castle. Festivals of all kinds succeeded each other, and among the guests Falkenberg was always to be found. This seemed to him to be the call of fate, and on a certain evening, when all the guests as well as the host, had tasted deeply of the butler's bounty, and the revelry had lasted till a late hour, he stole, after all had retired, wrapped in his cloak, with unsheathed sword, to the apartment of the Count. With words of rage and revenge he aroused the sleeping Count, recalled to him his stolen hours of love, and told him to breathe his last prayer ere he sent him to his eternal home. The Count sprang up, without fear of his raging adversary, and seized his sword; but before he could prepare for his defence, the murderer stabbed him to the heart. But he was not a little surprised to hear the voice of the Countess Emma, who, he thought, occupied another apartment; and he started when in her anger she betrayed that she recognised him in his voice and figure, and exclaimed, "Flee, base assassin! I will follow thee to the world's end; and my unborn babe, who now slumbers within me, shall fearfully revenge thy base murder; that the world shall remember it with horror as long as one stone of Winzenburg castle remains on another." The knight, whose sword was already sheathed, stopped his flight, listened to her words, and in his fear of being betrayed, seized the Count's own dagger, and blindly rushed upon the Countess, burying it in her womb. Undiscovered, he passed the silent halls of the castle, where all slumbered in quiet. He passed

the remainder of the night in sleepless expectation, and with the early dawn he departed, without being missed, as many of the guests had left the evening before, and he was not thought of when the panic called all to the bloody spot, which presented the most dreadful scene. His soldier's life and fast succeeding festivals soon quieted his conscience, and he quickly learned to regard that night as a victory won in the battle field, so that he was soon after able to enter the same halls without a pang in pursuit of diverting pleasure ; but in the midst of his enjoyments, and when his proud spirit promised him success, the lightning of the invisible judge struck him, and near the same blood-stained spot, his own blood paid for his dark crime.

The long narration had exhausted the last remains of strength ; his eyes grew dim, and the physician cooled his burning tongue with water, as his rattling breath announced the approach of death. Once more he recovered, and fixing his eyes on Thielo, he whispered, "Count, give me your hand ! Be content with the sufferings I bear, with the hellish martyrdom that burns in all my limbs ! Let me have your forgiveness ! Forgive the penitent ! Extend not your revenge beyond the grave. You know not, I know not myself, what awaits me there. Hear me, not beyond the grave ! Disgrace not my name ! Have me honorably interred !"

"Ask not the hand of friendship !" answered Thielo, with loathing. "God is merciful ! Your horrid martyrdom suffices for the living on earth. I shall do no more against you than my duty demands of me."

But Falkenberg heard him not, his head sank senseless on his shoulder ; fearful dreams disordered his imagination, which his disconnected sounds gave proof of, and a few hours after this the Castellian announced that the sinner had breathed his last. Count Thielo, in conformity with his promise, sent the most trust-worthy of his servants to the bishop, and informed him of the distressing circumstances, and the confessions attending the death of the knight. The pious, kind-hearted Barnward begged of Count Thielo not to circulate the sad story, that the enemies of Count Falkenberg might not openly disgrace his name ; he besought him likewise to keep the letter found on the dead robber a profound secret, which disclosed the base plot of his cousin Dippold, to rob him of his children that Dippold and Catharine's husband might divide the wealthy possessions of Winzenburg after Thielo's death ; he entreated him not to think of revenge, but to thank a kind providence for protecting the innocent and avenging the foul murder.

Catharine and Helmod recovered soon ; they were the best physicians to each other ; happy in their mutual love, which now

bloomed more brightly under the influence of their parents' blessings, they were the first to forget the gloomy shades which preceded their union, since those very circumstances were the cause of their happiness, like the rich grape which springs from the erupted lava of the threatening volcano.

Without ceremony, and at midnight, the remains of Thomas of Falkenberg were deposited in the catacombs of the castle chapel, but with wonder and astonishment the Castellian found the leaden box, in which the murdered child was buried, locked fast and heavy to lift; and White Hat, with all goblins, deserted the castle and disturbed no one again.

There is yet to be found in that beautiful romantic region, some traces of this spacious castle, now called the "Great Sconce," and opposite to it still stands the strong tower on the Kegelberg, now called "the Old Winzenburg." A castle of later date, bearing the same name, is situated deeper in the valley, and was often the residence of the never-to-be-forgotten Right Reverend late Bishop of Hildesheim, who loved Nature, and regarded it as the best temple of God, to whom his life was devoted.

Many versions of the Winzenburg spirit are still to be found and heard in the poorer huts of the region; and a narrow footpath in the woods, on which "*Little White Hat*" carried his messages to Hildesheim, as the saying goes, is still known, and called "*Little White Hat's footpath*." But the noble family of the castle is long since extinct. On the site of this immense structure, that resembled more a city than a castle, are still the few remains of the former splendor of its glory, which murmur to the friends of nature the frailty of the works of man.

ECLECTIONS FROM VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

THE shrub, low flowering on the dewy mead,
And wild-wood echoes, and the piping swain,
Delight no more: inspire my slender reed,
Sicilian Muses, with a loftier strain!

Lo! the last scene of Sybil prophecy
A new-born line of Ages ushers in —
Justice returns to dwell with man, and he,
'Neath Saturn's golden sway forget to sin.

To thee, sweet babe of this auspicious morn,
 Uncultured earth shall offer all her fruits —
 Acanthus smile, 'mid blooms of Egypt born,
 And in old ivy shades spring spicy roots.

Wild goats shall bring thee, from the mountain's head,
 Their milky loads, and frisk about thy door;
 The lamb's white foot no serpent tooth shall dread,
 Nor thy herd tremble at the lion's roar.

Ere thou shalt learn thy sire's great history,
 Or know what Virtue is, the ripened corn
 Shall yellowing spread from hill-side to the sea,
 And grapes hang reddening from the careless thorn —
 Hard oaks effuse the dewy honey-drop,*
 And Syria's nard, perfume the peasant's humble crop.

Harrows the ground will spurn, and knives the vine;
 The sturdy ploughman will unyoke his ox;
 Nor wool learn more in art's false dyes to shine,
 But the blithe ram shall wear, amid the rocks,
 A fleece now purple, now with saffron gay —
 And willing scarlet the sweet lambs array.

The swift years that mature thy manhood, boy,
 Shall sweep the white sail from glad ocean's breast,
 Leaving his unoared billow to enjoy
 The idle airs, and sink with them to rest,
 Where every land supplies each earthly good —
 Why launch the nautic pine upon the flood?

MR. WILLIS'S PROSE.†

OUR contemporaries, who are disposed to fall in with the fashion of puffing Mr. Willis, have often ascribed the uncomfortable feeling of Envy to those who are disposed to disparage his efforts and question his pretensions. We trust that this Magazine will never fail to do what is believed to be right, whether exposed to that or any other imputation of a like kind. But we have no hesitation in declaring the feeling with which we come to this — not very pleasant — task, of criticising the productions of a writer who is at once above and below criticism; above it, because he persists in setting it at defiance, with a pertinacity worthy of better talents and more genuine pretensions; and below it, because the solid material of his reputation is so very small, as hardly to claim notice among the objects of literary comment when it is separated from the factitious

* Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

† *Inklings of Adventures* — By the Author of "*Pencillings by the Way*." 2 vols. New-York, Saunders and Otley, 1836.

matter that makes up nearly its whole bulk. Our feeling on the whole subject is one of great regret, that a person who confessedly possessed something of the fire of early genius, who has done well in some things and might have done so in many more, should have so wasted the ability that was in him, should have been so untrue to himself and to all high effort, as to have come nearly to the age of thirty, after being many years a writer of prose and poetry, and to have reached the position only of the most complete quack known in our Republic of Letters. — The epithet is a strong one; but it conveys a melancholy truth, which has been shown in a former article in regard to his poetry, and which is, if possible, still more manifest in regard to his prose. We have no unkind feeling towards Mr. Willis, personally; nor would we abate a jot from his fame, if we could by any possibility discover that he deserved more than we have been in the habit of according to him. On the contrary, if there is a side or a quarter where he is accessible to remonstrance, we would approach him in that direction. We would bid him look back upon some of his earlier efforts, which gave promise of future excellence, and gave the public a right to demand at his hands something of that tasking of the spirit and that severity of labor which are the only means by which excellence is to be attained. We could point out to him some passages in that periodical work which he conducted for a time in Boston, which show that he had occasional glimpses of what real intellectual labor and a high ambition actually are; and the fault we have to find with him is, that he has never been true to these better promptings of his mind. But there seems, from the very first, to have been a trait in his character that works the ruin of all high effort; a dandyish affectation that finds its natural element in *cockneyism*, and cannot stray out into the realm of Nature without carrying with it all its conceits and mannerism, and small fancies. Even in his best pieces this has always been discoverable. In his scriptural poetry there are touches of fine, natural feeling, that take hold of the universal heart; but they are marred with foppish conceits and affected diction. We do not know of a piece of his Prose that is not marked with the same characteristics still more strongly. We recollect a set of papers called "*Unwritten Music*," which are as well as any thing he has ever written. The theme of "Nature's thousand voices praising God," would be a noble subject on which a poet might disport himself in prose, throwing his spirit into the expansive and lofty scenes of Nature, and revelling in its deep harmonies, and enjoying high commerce with the beautiful. But Mr. Willis's essays contain no other sentiment than the morning trifling of a drawing-room lounge, just as easily satisfied, and as easily excited by a bunch of

flowers standing on a marble centre table, or a canary bird hanging in a window, as by the most glorious scenes in the wide world; and where he does get for a moment into the broad domain of Nature, he never looks around him like a true poet, but you see only a fine gentleman, who has strayed out there in silk stockings, and twirling a white glove, as if to gather a few frothy ideas with which to dawdle away an hour when he should return to the listening idlers he has left behind. But if Mr. Willis chooses to write only for those best suited to enjoy him, and to have his empire amongst milliner and haberdasher gentry, who stand on tiptoe to peep into a sphere where he moves about so gracefully, it is his own affair. 'Tis a free country, and in general a theory prevails that every man can do as he pleases. Our quarrel is less with him for confining himself to this small department, than it is with society, for suffering, by its tacit assent, or rather its bad taste, that such trash should be cried up into a place in literature. Always and every where, when a writer manages to acquire a notoriety which there is no intrinsic merit in his works to justify, the fault is with society. It is because the general cultivation is superficial, the general taste unused to excellent models, and because there is a kind of inertness and inattention in the public mind, which lazily permits adventurers to take the fortress of reputation by storm, rather than be at the trouble to defend it. But it is more, and it is especially, owing to the ease with which any pretensions may be puffed into great claims by the systematic commendation and the irresponsible eulogium which form part of the machinery of the modern world of letters. If any uninitiated person wishes to know how a literary reputation is made, preserved, or augmented, let him go about a little, and note how easy a thing it is to request a friend to give a friend's book a favorable notice in his next number or next paper; how easily the friend complies with the request, and how well and candidly he speaks of the new publication.* Let the observer now follow these fountains of opinion till they branch out over the land in innumerable streams; or, not to take up metaphor, let him mark the innumerable forms in which they are copied and quoted all over the world; and, as he goes along in his observations, let him not overlook the real mental idleness in which nine tenths of the world read, and read, and are content to fall in with the prevailing notion around them, without ever thinking for themselves whether they have really read any thing worth the time they have spent upon it. Here and there in-

* "I have been *requested*," says Barry Cornwall, in his preface to the English edition of Mr. Willis's Poems, "I have been requested to introduce this work to the English Public." Indeed, indeed, Barry Cornwall, you either let the secret escape out of French *malice*, or you were not aware that you were exposing one of the great arcana of the Trade.

dividuals may dissent and speak out the plain unvarnished truth: but they can be silenced by cries of "Envy" or "Jealousy," so that there is no fear of them to deter quackery from success.

We take up this book — "Inklings of Adventure" — not because it is worth making the subject of a Review, but for the sake of noting the structure of Mr. Willis's Prose style, and thereby showing the tinsel, trick, and clap-trap, which gain readers and admirers, both among those who have no taste for any thing better, and those who have, but suffer themselves to receive the dross for the pure metal. We had intended also to show the author himself, if he would condescend to listen to us, how these very faults have crippled his moral power as a writer (and moral power he might have had), and reduced him to a mere panderer to a very vitiated kind of taste. But this will perhaps be an unnecessary labor, for there is no evidence before the public of an ambition for any thing higher. The appearance of the book itself is something of a phenomenon. A professed author who is getting on into manhood, comes forth with a declaration that his "spirit is wed to eternal youth," and prints a *refaccimento* of his boyish absurdities, that were pardoned as youthful follies, but ought to receive no quarter as the deliberate reproductions of a man. We had hoped that Thalaba and the Stanhope, Nahant Beach and Lebanon Springs, Yale College, Saratoga Springs, and all the other amiable *sottises* of a mis-spent youth, would have been suffered to remain undisturbed in the niches of American literature to which they were originally elevated, without being taken down and carried round in a new show-box at this late day; or, as the author himself would elegantly embody our idea, we had hoped that he would not again "bring up from the cellars of the Past a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene." But here they are, one and all; gems from American mines, reset in such filigree of allusion, epithet, and illustration, as foreign travel can furnish to a mind that seems attracted only by what strikes the senses or lies directly upon the surface. The public are called upon to read, admire, and *buy*. Let them buy, we care not what becomes of their money; but having bought, let them follow us, and mark the means by which their taste is degraded and their time thrown away.

The tricks of Mr. Willis's style consist in the following characteristics. His favorite sources of illustration, metaphor, and ornament are either the pleasures and objects of the senses, or the imagery and ideas of artificial life. He goes about the world, looking upon every thing in Nature with hardly an unadulterated moral feeling or suggestion springing up in his mind, but with the eye and ear and taste of a dandy and a sensualist. The application of this kind of imagery to set off the beauty of Nature or of a feeling of

the heart, is as ridiculous as it is low. Take the following specimens: Of the power of the ocean-swell at Nahant, he says — "The wine trembles in your beaker of claret, as you sit after dinner in the Hotel." — "I thought that in her I had met my double and counterpart, with the reservation that I was a little the stronger spirit of the two, and that in *my* mind lay the material of the eloquence that flowed from her lips — *as the almond that you endeavor to split equally, leaves the kernel in the deeper cavity of the shell.*" — "The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops and disappeared, *like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger.*" — "The whippoorwills, birds of evening, came abroad, *like gentlemen in debt, to flit about in the darkness.*" He describes the pleasures of memory as "*bringing up from the cellars of the Past a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene!*" "Her teeth were *like strips from the lily's heart*" — from which we are to conclude that they were *yellow*, a color for the teeth not much in request among the Anglo-Saxon race. *Lips* are a favorite image; there is a constant recurrence to lips in some way or other. "The blood-red sugar maple, with a leaf brighter and more delicate *than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest, the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness.*" "Here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down *to kiss the lip* of an eddy, or form a rainbow over a fall." "The native oleanders, slender-leaved and tall, with a color in their bright flowers *stolen from the lips of Houris.*" To our own apprehension, we may remark, *en passant* — the illustrating human beauty by the imagery of Nature would be a very pretty sort of rhetoric; but to reverse the process, and apply the imagery of poor, fragile, perishing human clay to the ever fresh, renewed, and renewing objects of Nature, is utterly laughable. — Then there is a constant recurrence of half intelligible, half obscure comparisons and illustrations, clothed in a pet phrase or affected diction, and sometimes making sheer non sense and absurdity. "Her eyes dropped upon the burden she bore upon her heart." "She stood before them like a young Pythoness, ready to strike them dead *with a regard.*" "His dainty feet (a horse's hoofs) flung out with the grace of a *flaunted riband,*" &c. His repetition is wearying to the last degree. Twice, in the same volume, we think, in describing water, he takes occasion to inform us that he detests water in small quantities (to drink), and on each occasion goes on to elaborate the idea that water is the most poetical and beautiful of the four elements. Twice he makes the stale adventure of passing a counterfeit note, and the arrest of the innocent dandy who had unconsciously exposed himself, the subject of a story. "The lost Pleiad" is, and has been ever since he began to be known as a writer, a perpetual hobby with him; and for an equally

long time, down to these new volumes, he has been constantly prating about a relation who must be weary of seeing herself so much in print.

We are not sure, however, that the author does not find his account in this kind of writing. With the greater portion of Circulating Library, Steam-boat and Hotel readers, mannerism and cockneyism, a prevalence of the sensual over the spiritual in language and figures, and a perpetual recurrence to artificial life, furnish a degree of attraction which they do not find in a purer style. Whether it be a more worthy ambition to follow or to lead the tastes of others, to pander to existing appetites or to create new and more healthy ones, to do as well as one can or as ill as can be imagined, is a point we would suggest to Mr. Willis's consideration. For our own part we should be glad to see in literature generally a little more scrupulous regard to *Truth* and *Fact* than the materials of this gentleman's stories exhibit; and as our brethren over the water are somewhat noted for the credulity with which they receive whatever is printed, especially if it relates to this country, we beg leave to assure the foreign reader that young ladies living at Nahant and driving poney phaetons; young wild Backwoodsmen coming to college, and in a month made as high-bred gentlemen as can be found at any court in Europe; Sophomores rolling through the country in britschkas and Stanhopes, and enacting the great parts of civilized life with claret, and horses, and elopements, and matches; are things wholly unknown to our society. We make this correction on our veracity as faithful American journalists: and we are equally solicitous to assure the English public that there are no Magnolia trees on the Erie canal, and that the introduction of nightingales upon the banks of that renowned stream of transportation is a most gratuitous piece of embroidery.

The following piece of bathos and absurdity will meet with a very different reception on the two sides of the Great Water. "In the united pictures of Paul Veronese and Raphael, steeped as their colors seem to have been in the divinest age of Venetian and Roman female beauty, I have scarce found so many lovely women, of so different models and so perfect, as were assembled during my Sophomore year under the roof of Mrs. Ilfington. (A boarding school in New Haven!) They went about in their evening walks, graceful and angelic; but, like the virgin pearls of the sea, they poured the light of their loveliness on the vegetating oysters around them, and no diver of fashion had yet taught them their value. Ignorant myself in those days of the scale of beauty, their features are enamelled in my memory, and I have tried insensibly by that standard (and found wanting) of every court in Europe the dames most

worshipped and highest born. Queen of the Sicilies, loveliest in your realm of sunshine and passion! Pale and transparent princess—pearl of the court of Florence—than whom the creations on the immortal walls of the Pitti less discipline our eye for the shapes of heaven! Gipsy of the Pactolus! Jewess of the Hera-cian Gallipolis! Bright and gifted cynosure of the aristocracy of England!—ye are five women I have seen (?) in as many years' wandering over the world, lived to gaze upon, and lived to remember and admire—a constellation, I almost believe, that has absorbed all the intensest light of the beauty of a hemisphere—yet, with your pictures colored to life in my memory, and the pride of rank and state thrown over most of you like an elevating charm, *I go back to the school of Mrs. Ilfington*, and (smile if you will) *they were as lovely, and stately, and as worthy of the worship of the world!*!"

Hear that, ye *quondam* pupils of Mrs. Ilfington, wherever ye may be in this wide Union, whether wives and mothers, or still, for all your beauty, flourishing on in unblest virginity. Hear it, and count back into your girlhood, to see if, by any calculation, *you* could have been at Mrs. Ilfington's when Mr. Willis was a Sophomore! and if the arithmetic of those now lost years will possibly admit the supposition, let the truth break in upon you as a glory—in the midst of your nursery cares and household duties—that a beauty *once* was yours, such as Europe cannot show. Hear it, husbands and fathers, and brothers and neighbors, and let it have—its proper effect upon you.

With a like regard to truth as he has exhibited in describing American scenes, Mr. Willis puts Italian into the mouths of Turks and Gipsies in and about Constantinople. For what reason, we are at a loss to discover, French is the dialect used there as a medium of communication between Europeans and the natives. In the adventures, the scenes of which are laid at home, there is no energy, natural description, or national manners; they will do very well to palm off upon the readers of Blackwood or the Metropolitan; and in the foreign stories there is no delicacy of sentiment, no romance, no substance, and—as *we* can readily discover—no more truth to the reality of national manners; but then they will do equally well to palm off upon the public at home. It was the praise of Washington Irving, that he wrote stories about and in both the hemispheres that could be relied on as genuine pictures on both sides of the Atlantic: it is the reproach of Mr. Willis that his stories make large demands upon the credulity of those who are not familiar with their scenes, and will be recognized as unreal and exaggerated by those who are. Some of the pieces are too coarse,

boyish and silly, even to have found their way into a Comic Almanac.

We have said that Mr. Willis *might* have written well. He has done so, in this book, in two passages; they are the only paragraphs decently written, and we will quote them to prove his capacity for better things. One is a short passage of description: the other is a 'reflection,' as it would be called, at the end of a sermon.

"The dull colors of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change here is gradual; in America it is the work of a night — of a single frost!

"Oh, to have seen the sun set, on hills bright in the still green and lingering Summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

"It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops — as if the sunsets of a Summer — gold, purple, and crimson — had been fused in the alembic of the West, and poured in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip — as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upward and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies, had let forth their impassioned colors to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery."

This is slightly exaggerated, but it is a pure, sound prose; and yet, as if its merits were the result of a capricious accident, it follows directly after a paragraph containing some of the very worst faults of the kind we have before pointed out.

"I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married — as the world said — well! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

"I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

"I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself, and, if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely,

now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them as they glide by, joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

"The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many—oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on, for a while, undeceived. The evening is not too long, while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness; and the husband, first in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their "lover and friend" could not give them!

"Heed this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty, the affections of high-minded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever, a fellowship of mind—the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship—and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used for years, to an equal communion? Think you, he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge! Oh! no, lady!—believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun—and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest!"

There, we have "cracked the almond," as Mr. Willis himself would say, and this is all the kernel. The rest is nothing but shell. And with such specimens before us to show what a man can do, we want language to express our sorrow, we want words to clothe our indignation when we see a writer dragging his pen through two volumes of such utter trash as the remainder of this book consists of—steeping himself in follies and trifles, debasing the purity of his English, and putting out the light of all fine moral feeling within him, by seeking a substitute for it in the refinement of the senses.

By a careful attention to his figures and language, by diligent study of good models, and by the aid of a better heart, Mr. Willis would write very fine prose; for he has all the requisite command of language. As it is, he has written very little that is pure or in good taste; very little that has done our literature any good, or for which our literature is at all indebted to him. There are hundreds of unobtrusive scholars any where in the country, who have written and *have printed* better matter, and in better style, than this writer ever aimed at. But they are not vaunted all over the land as bril-

liant writers and captivating authors ; for the plain reason, that they do not take the pains to put the machinery in motion which raises that kind of dust. They do not strive to attract the gaze of the crowd, by affecting to flit about in a sphere of fashionable and refined life, to which the crowd lift up their eyes in admiration. They do not put on the character of fops in their writings. They are content to write — well ; to produce pure gold from their well-wrought mines, and not the miserable tinsel of a toy-shop. They keep above and beyond the public taste, and would do something to improve it. In this they are successful, though they may make little noise in the endeavor.

We have spoken with some asperity. We shall always do so, when we witness an attack upon the purity of our literature, or an attempt to degrade its standard, by any person whatever. This we shall always be at especial pains to do when the voice of the periodical press seems disposed to fall in with the praise which such offenders can always draw from some quarter or other.

LINES TO A LADY,

BY A SORRY BARD.

"I tell you she sang beautifully."

M. S.

I.

O COULD I touch that chord within,
By notes of mine —
The sad heart's deep responsive string,
Whose music, rightly woke, perchance might win
Its way to thine !

II.

Could I, on my insensate ear,
Of the sweet sound
That witchery of echo hear,
Like a strange harmony, still new and near,
Breaking around !

III.

Could I, like pilgrim pale, who bows
At sacred shrine,
But hear one welcome to my vows
From lips that noble melody endows
With tones divine.

IV.

O, could I feel my heart again,
That stricken, long
Like silent, shatter'd lute hath lain,
Unstrung for weary years, or swept in vain
To sound of song,

V.

Stir deep within me at the voice
Of one whose soul
Could bid it waken and rejoice,
And wave-like, with the memory of past joys
Over it roll!

VI.

Then were, indeed, my Destiny,
As the new light that rose
On wanderer of Earth's starless way,
Through midnight's palpable intensity,
A beautiful repose!

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Boston, Sept. 1836.

THE SISTER ARTS;

OR, POETRY, PAINTING, AND SCULPTURE.

SAID Poetry one day to her sisters, Painting and Sculpture, "Though we have had many conversations, we have never favored the world with an account of any. Suppose you should depute me to translate each of our histories."

"Willingly," said Sculpture, "if you will do it in good honest prose, and not perplex me with your wild imagery and high-wrought descriptions. I should scarcely know myself from your account of me."

"Surely," said Poetry, "I may be allowed to wander a little, I who enchant men's hearts, who lull to forgetfulness; I, who pluck sorrow from the mind, and drown the recollection of grief; I may be allowed to mount a little higher than you, who never soar above the earth; though 'you enchant the world,' do not I bring down heaven?"

"Stay," said Painting, who easily saw that Sculpture would not bear much opposition; "stay, let us each give an account of our-

selves, instead of contending about the method. Let Poetry give her own history as elegant a garb, as thrilling and touching an expression, as yours shall be powerful and mine easy and graceful. Let us know, Sculpture, the history of your life."

Sculpture smiled, and began. "My home is Italy; my native soil is Greece, but civil factions having torn my own fair land, I left it a prey to dissention and disunion, all that is noble, and bright, and glorious, having deserted its forsaken shore; with sad and solitary steps I left the home of my infancy for the land of lofty brows and chiselled lips, for the land of flashing eyes and jetty locks. I rested here, and prospered. As time passed on, you, my dear sisters, with our kinsman Architecture, visited the same place; at Bologna we remained, and for a time, my heart was happy and my brow serene. But alas! the land of my adoption, like the land of my nativity, is lost to all that is noble and honorable; the monuments of Roman magnificence, and the remains of Grecian taste, are despoiled for 'brainless patricians' to deck the palaces their own wit fails to adorn. I have now no place to choose. I fear the fickleness of the fickle French; I cannot choose a home in England, where utilitarianism is the order of the day, where the practical alone is prized to the exclusion of the intellectual, the imaginative, the beautiful; nor in Germany, where wild and vague theories, impassioned, eloquent, and learned discourses, interest more than my cold exterior; nor in America, where riches are prized more than rank, taste, talent, genius, or any thing that is high, lofty, or noble. Thus am I left to determine, and Italy alone answers in any degree my desires; the land remains the same, though the people have degenerated; Italy, beautiful Italy, can still boast a delicious clime, a sunny smile, a grateful fragrance; though showmen traverse the streets once proudly trod by brave republicans; though ignoble, base, unworthy men dwell in Rome, and Florence and Arqua, in Venice and Naples, and Genoa; though anarchy and strife have despoiled the nation of political and military power; and though the land has been, for so many centuries, one vast battle field, still some love for the arts yet remains; the love of the beautiful cannot wholly die under the most unfavorable auspices; some sparks of enthusiasm still light up the generous spirit of olden times; the beloved sky of Italy yet lingers, the delicious air of that soft and lovely clime falls as gratefully on the fevered brow, as ever in its days of pride and power; and while these endure, not all the traces of what is noblest and sublimest in art can be destroyed. And as long as Italy retains some of the finest specimens of the illustrious art, of which I am the represen-

tative, so long must genius and taste preside over the Italian artists' works.

"But I have spoken too long of my country, let me give some faint idea of the usefulness and beauty of my profession. I convey to men's minds a perfect and complete image of whatever is noble or graceful in human nature; marble, wrought by the aid of my magic power, produces effects on the mind which can never be effaced. I have watched an enthusiast gazing on the statue of the 'Venus de Medicis,' till he imagined the lifeless form could return his adoration of perfect loveliness. I have seen a soldier of the 'old guard' look upon the bust of Napoleon, and turn his head away, and gaze again, till the tears stood in his eyes; and addressing the cold and inanimate clay, exclaim, in tones of the deepest anguish, 'Hero of France! to whom Frenchmen have refused a home while they have raised a statue to honor thy memory, though distant, they must needs adore the recollection of thy glory. Triumphant genius! since I may no longer offer thee my services, I may at least have the satisfaction of lamenting thy unhappy destiny — Oh! 'tis a glorious privilege to admire! And thy genius was worthy of admiration. Since thou art lost to us, may we retain the remembrance of thy virtues.' Oh! how inexpressibly beautiful, to behold that old man, who had followed his master from Italy to Russia, from Marengo to Leipsic, from Jena to Waterloo, how inimitably touching, to hear him offer the tribute of praise to him whom he believed above reproach!

"I have seen a patriot look upon the statue of Washington. I could see the transport that lighted his countenance, the determined glance that shot from his eye, the nervous quivering smile on his lip, and I thought I read invincible resolves in his heart to equal the original of that commanding form.

"Who that has seen portrayed the hopeless agony of Laocöon, in heroism, beauty, sublimity unequalled, the Niobe, shielding her daughter from destruction at the risk of her own life; the beautiful and interesting group of Cupid and Psyche, unrivalled in loveliness; the admirable and sublime Apollo Belvidere; the busts of the twelve Cæsars, the finest productions of portrait sculpture; the dignity of attitude, and majesty of expression which characterised the Jupiter of Phidias; who that has seen these, even in imagination, will deny the beauty, the use of my inimitable art?

"It was I who taught Phidias first to give that grandeur to his compositions, that grace to his groups, that softness to flesh, and that flow to drapery, which were before unknown; and which rendered him, as Pliny justly observes, 'famous among all nations.' It was I who whispered to him that the rough sketch would, afar off,

produce the most striking impression ; and I gave him the perfect idea of bas-relief. I inspired Praxiteles with grandeur and sublimity of design, and with the highest graces of youth and beauty in the execution. I assisted his untaught genius in bringing the Parian marble to perfection. I watched him while he carved the statues of Venus, in the faultless proportions of exquisite beauty. I breathed into the soul of Michael Angelo that sublimity of conception, magnificence of plan, and perfect ease, united with perplexing difficulty. I taught him to personify motion and animation in the groups of the Cartoon of Pisa, to embody sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, and to trace the master trait of every passion in the human heart. I animated the spirit of Canova with the elegance and classic beauty of the antique model. The chaste and fair proportions swelled into forms of almost ethereal beauty under the influence of his magic file.*

“I have caused the hearts of the loftiest, noblest, most refined, to thrill with rapture while gazing on the works of art ; I have breathed into the soul a new life, I have opened a source of pleasure to the cultivated of all nations. By exhibiting fine carving and choice medals, I have caused the taste to become more susceptible, more delicate, and more pure. I have made the cold Englishman, impassioned and eloquent ; the hardy Scot, nervous and excited. I have commanded the lengthened attention of the wavering Frenchman, and the enthusiastic admiration of the stately Spaniard ; I have shown a path to pleasure, to glory, and to fame. I have discovered a way to eminence, and excellence, and celebrity. And in doing this, I have gained a place in the minds of the virtuous and the educated, which amply repays me for the skill that I have lavished.”

Sculpture ceased ; and after a few moments' pause, Painting took up her narrative. “The practice of my delightful art has perhaps called forth no less admiration than that which has just been so enthusiastically described. I pass over the history of my early youth, as it agrees with that of Sculpture in most respects ; though my sister has called Greece her native soil, it is from choice ; for she existed long before the Greek nation,—among the Israelites, the Egyptians, and the Chinese. True, she flourished there ; it was native, in the sense that around it cling early and dear recollections.

“My earliest remembrance is in teaching men to trace rude sketches in order to relate facts. The art progressed slowly, until Cymon of Cleonia greatly advanced it, by giving variety of atti-

* The file or rasp is used in Italy after the chisel.

tude to his figures, and graceful folds to his drapery. Soon after him, for a time the genius of Painting slumbered, during the civil war and anarchy which raged. Sculpture met with success, owing to the prevalence of idolatrous religion among the Greeks. But the dignity and importance of the art was not long forgotten; at the same time with the most distinguished sculptor, Painting revived. I gave to Panæus, the brother of Phidias, first, the power of arrangement; he painted the battle of Marathon, and introduced the portraits of the principal commanders. Apollodorus, however, profited more by my instructions; with him the art assumed its most essential character, and after him Zeuxis is said to have stolen the divine touch. I taught him the proper management of light and shade; and his pictures became so valuable, that no adequate price could be fixed, and he was forced to give them away. I assisted Parrhassius with an instantaneous perception of the beautiful and the sublime. To Apelles, pre-eminent in grace, belongs chaste and softened coloring, refinement in execution, and taste in finish, which rendered him irresistibly enchanting. The combination of power which produced Alexander, represented with the thunders of Jove, in majesty and dignity unequalled, and the elegance and loveliness of Venus, astonished the age. The union of power and grace had never before been displayed. But I reserved for Leonardo da Vinci to give expression of mind to his characters, intelligence to features, and to discover the exquisite effect of *chiaro-scuro*.

"I lent some assistance, too, to Michael Angelo, who was the favorite of Sculpture; miraculous sublimity of invention and grandeur of design attest his power. The truth and simplicity, grace and propriety, exhibited in the historic and poetic compositions of Raphael, justify the praise he has received. Titian's renown is supported by grandeur of conception, richness and truth of color. His 'death of St. Peter the Martyr,' is an admirable masterpiece, combining every requisite quality, composition, design, action, expression, *chiaro-scuro*, and color. He was the head of the Venetian school of painting. Correggio will ever live in esteem for his suavity and grace of arrangement, harmony of color, and brilliant effect; the expressive majesty and dignity of the Madonna, in his 'Ascension of Christ,' is inimitable. The fascinating and alluring pictures of Rubens, with the magnificence and harmony, the gay and lightsome manner, the rich imagination, the brilliancy, the dexterity with which he controlled the materials of art, command admiration. He is characterized by bold originality of genius; his powers of grouping, of forming masses of light and shade, have never been equalled; while I gave him these splendid

qualities, I denied him the correctness of form, the union of tone, the chaste skill in execution, which I gave to Vandyke.

"I guided the pencil of Rembrandt in his vast and varied transcripts of nature,—in the force, depth, brilliancy, and powerful truth of his coloring. The extravagant and satirical genius of Salvator Rosa in his scenes of desolation, has subjected him to the charge of mannerism. The pleasing and rural scenes of Claude, with gleams of sunshine and the rising moon, seem to declare the intensity of his communion with nature. He wrought under the open canopy of heaven, and sketched whatever was beautiful and grand: with difficulty could he tear himself from his fascinating employment.

"I watched over the easel of Guido; with the light touch of his pencil, the delicate roundness of his figures, the antique beauty of his female forms; and the studied expression of Poussin, his classical and lovely back-grounds, and—but enough of my disciples; I have neglected the history of my art, till I have wearied you with citing the numerous names that have graced my profession. More there are, too bright to be passed over in silence; but I must hasten to describe the paintings themselves. The figure of Penelope, by Zeuxis, has not only a becoming person, but it expresses the affections of the mind. The luscious transparency, color, and brilliancy of his grapes, which deceived birds, are as well known as the curtain of Parrhasius, which deceived Zeuxis. Da Vinci's 'Last Supper' gave immortality to his fame; the 'Death of St. Peter,' the *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian, is wonderfully executed: Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' with a head and an arm of one of the figures added by Vandyke; so excellently done, that the master praised it the next day as one of his own performances. The 'Crucifixion' of Vandyke is above all praise as a work of historical painting. Works by Rembrandt are rarely to be met with, and, instead of being too valuable for purchase, are almost above all price, and can be obtained only for immense sums. The number of my admirers attest the beauty of my art, although it is one that wins upon and allures the more it is known. It will not strike at first sight; it does not enforce admiration nor command love; but when once an interest is awakened, it causes a headlong rush, an intense desire, and unexampled energy, to know and become perfect; the name of a painter of note causes a thrill of excitement, a sympathetic throb, in the bosoms of those who have beheld even the calm and dispassionate productions of his pencil.

"I have seen an admirer of Mary, Queen of Scots, gaze upon her portrait, and, imagining it inhabited by a soul corresponding in loveliness to the outward form, heard him exclaim, in impassioned accents, 'Impossible to doubt her purity and virtue!' I have

watched a lover regarding the miniature of his mistress, till he believed the eyelids drooped beneath his earnest gaze. I have seen a father watch the arch expression of a favorite daughter, and imagine he could hear her merry laugh. I observed Napoleon looking on the picture of his only boy; I saw the anguish of his paternal heart, as he thought of the distance that separated him from all he held dear; I alone saw the tears that he shed, and I discovered that, under that cold and haughty exterior, beyond the proud and lofty ambition, were springs of deep feeling, fountains of love and tenderness, that, at the least token, would 'gush forth from their hiding-places.' I have seen an exile from his home look upon a view of his native city, while tears of agitating pleasure stole down his cheeks, and he forgot hope, sorrow, joy, ambition, wit, love—all, every thing—in the breathless interest which the scene excited. But the representation of Grecian scenes are the most touchingly interesting: the brilliant coloring, the beautiful and beautifully-clad forms, the deep blue sea, and the softened blue of the Grecian sky, the reflection of the white sails of the numerous ships floating on the water, the waving, curling, graceful smoke,—'tis a poem; almost you can hear the voices, silvery in their sweetness, echoing the tones of their polished language; almost you can see the Ionian fanes,—the plain and simple elegance of the Grecian architecture; almost you are present, in the land of hallowed recollections,—in the land around which cluster passionate scenes, undescribed characters, unwrought incidents,—in the land which ennobles feeling, invigorates intellect, and calls forth the hidden sources of Poetry. Kings have been delighted to honor those who have excelled in my distinguished art; princes have lamented that rank, power, influence, has been offered them, while talent was denied; and the artists themselves have exulted that their names should be carried to posterity, while the minions of rank and wealth should sink into the grave, 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung.' But how more than all intoxicating, joyful, and glorious is it to him who, having languished in obscurity, suddenly finds himself 'the observed of all observers,' received with distinguished attention, beholding others seem honored by his recognition, presented to the highest in rank, caressed, courted, flattered, admired, and all by his splendid talents,—his own brilliant exertions! How must he rejoice in the stubborn opposition of fortune, his efforts, his doubts, his conviction, his struggles, his study, his discipline, and, finally, his glorious creation and unrivalled triumph.

"Poetry gives a transcript of the heart—the mind of a poet; but who does not wish to see his countenance? I give the expression of his face, the color of his eye, the curve of his lip. Lofty deeds

breathe incense, and convey to a nation the type of a hero's mind, the power and originality of his genius; but I breathe the dearer incense, of showing an exact likeness of his personal appearance. Sculpture renders a distinguished man immortal; but I preserve features worn with grief, disturbed by suffering, or radiant with joy. Who does not wish to know, that the anguish depicted on the countenance of Coleridge originated in his intense desire of sympathy, or rather from being unable to obtain it? Who does not gaze on the countenance of Shelley with an ardent love? Could so noble an expression have belonged to any but an intellectual—an enthusiastic being? Who would be satisfied to read merely of the sufferings of Keats, and not see the mournful expression of his face,—the wrinkles that furrowed his youthful brow,—the sad and proud turn of his head?"

Painting ceased, and Poetry, with a sigh, began: "My life," said she, "judging the whole, has been a sad one; though I have had adorers enough to flatter my vanity and to soothe my apprehensions, still the great mass, the herd, the multitude, despise and slight me; and I am one of those who rest unsatisfied while there is aught to desire. Not content with the homage of the more refined, with the devotion, the life of those who possess the finest sensibilities, I pine to be popular; and I regret to acknowledge that the acquisition of one heart, which before was indifferent, fills me with more joy than the worship of my own devoted band. I address myself to the passions and the imagination, and foolishly expect that those wanting in imagination should sympathize with me. I cultivate an impassioned, eloquent, and glowing style; and think that those who express themselves in homely language should understand my splendid diction. But away with complaints,—suffering has improved my character and refined my ideas, and I regret not that ridicule is attached to me, for I have risen above it; and, appearing in still greater strength, have foiled my slanderers with their own weapons. Though Greece would fain claim me for a child, and though my best affections are entwined around the land that all delight to praise, still I look back upon a more ancient descent. I belong to all ages and nations, though carried to greater perfection in some countries than in others. From the height of the Moreña mountains I have watched the Spanish peasant, as he sat on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, beholding the far-famed city of Cordova, and caroling, joyously, a national air: I have seen the gaiety, and the dance, and the joy, and the gladness of the merry Frenchman break out into the very action of poetry, and the touching and exquisite airs of Italy contrasted with the wild songs of Germany. The high imaginative powers of the

Egyptians have led them to the study of the beautiful; and though other nations have never rendered them justice in this respect, their songs, once heard, are never forgotten. The Persians' very being is poetry. I can conceive nothing more interesting than thus to behold the development of national character, under the influence of excitement and joy.

"I breathe into the soul the enthusiasm which produces fine writing. Rules may be taught by art or acquired by study; but the divine essence, without which poetry is mere sound, is not to be acquired. My art differs from and excels that of my sisters in this, that a single epithet will often produce an impression more vivid than the finest picture or the sublimest statue; and this vivid impression can be produced only by those who have derived from me the creative faculty of true poetry.

"But Sculpture and Painting assist in forming the poet. The love of the fine arts, the intense admiration of Painting, and Sculpture, and Music, develops the latent love of gorgeous eloquence, dazzling incident, and brilliant expression; and though it induces exaggeration and unnatural sentiment, who can withstand the irresistibly enthusiastic language of an admirer of the various schools. The finest poetry has been written by those who have cultivated a taste for the refined and beautiful in all styles; how many poets have studied from pictures! The beautiful faces imprinted on the glowing canvass are formed for heroines; the passions represented by the artist inspire the poet with materials for the written page.

"I pursue the same end that Philosophy does; that is, I labor to instruct, to lead to virtue and to truth; I merely differ as to the means. Where Philosophy employs accuracy, subtlety, and perspicuity, I engage splendor, harmony, and elegance. Philosophy teaches men to become acquainted with virtue; I urge them to love and embrace her. I refresh the mind when it is fatigued, invigorate it when depressed, elevate the thoughts to the admiration of what is beautiful, becoming, great, or noble. I deliver the precepts of virtue in the most agreeable manner; I cherish the desire of glory in the human heart, and transmit to posterity examples of the bravest and most excellent characters. I existed in the orations of Patrick Henry, and I lived in the eloquence of Grattan. I flowed in the rich streams of classic persuasion, uttered by the silvery voice of the American Cicero, and I thundered in the tremendous torrent poured forth by the triumphant genius of the modern Demosthenes.

"I exist in the bosom of the unconscious cottager, and I thrill the heart of the philosopher and the statesman. I bring a smile to

the brow of the monarch, and a gleam of sunshine to the breast of the politician ; but my happiest abode is in the heart of the merry child ; unknown to him, my purest thoughts were there enshrined. Before deceit had sullied his heavenly nature, or blighting suspicion had tainted the careless generosity of his heart, or revenge had torn justice from her home, or scorn had curled his lip, and withered the frankness of his smile, — in calm and quiet I had full possession of his peaceful mind. I bring tears, but not tears of sadness to the eye, and smiles to the lip, but not of joy. When I take up my abode in the heart, the air is soft in whatever clime, and the day glows bright, though storms seem to rage ; flowers are scattered in luxuriant profusion, and all things fair and wondrous minister to the soul's deep desire, and create the music of sweet emotion. I teach men to raise a high standard, to aim at perfection ; I give a beautiful hue to common things ; the sky, the grass, the sea, trees, birds, and flowers, are no longer beheld with indifference, after having been touched by my pencil, dipped in the beautiful. I create a paradise, and leave it always open ; you may enter, and enchanted you will wander around, forgetful alike of beauty, mirth, wit, or sadness ; but once having entered, all else seems dull and tasteless ; the music of flattery is no more, the meaning of words is changed, and the most beautiful images crowding on the brain, cause you to turn with disgust from homely expressions and everyday incidents. You seek joy in the ideal alone. You find pleasure in retirement, where, undisturbed, you may range in the halls of imagination, and wander, unreprieved, in the regions of romance. I live in the joy of infancy, and in the boundless hopes of youth ; yea, and in the reality of manhood. I shed a gentle lustre over the poet's brow, and call forth an infinite variety of expression, an intellectual sadness over his melancholy countenance. Emotion unsubdued, has left traces of deep suffering upon his cheek, and dimmed the lustre of his brilliant eye. And why should deep suffering be traced there ? Why should the eye be dim, which seemingly looks on nought but the bright and fair ? The poet, giving loose flow to his imagination, unguided by reason, rushes into some wild and beautiful dream, which seems a wild and beautiful error ; and having chosen a collocation of sweet words, that had been hidden in his soul for unnumbered years, at length produces a bright and sparkling poem ; bright and fresh with youth, sparkling and brilliant with wit. This poet suddenly finds himself abused, contemned, slighted ; and all because I have given him more imagination than judgment, more fancy than vigor. Does he then rise above the irritating ridicule ? No, he writhes under it. Instead of recollecting that fancy and imagination are gifts from

nature, and that reason, judgment, and vigor are to be acquired by his own exertion, his own energy, he turns with disgust from the enchanting study of the beautiful, and rushes headlong into some less scorned by-road.

"At times, life seems to me vapid, dull, spiritless, and flat, without object, and without beauty ; and again, a star, a cloud, a sunset, a note of music, the cool air, a bright face, call up joy and happiness, and life, invested with new charms, is full of fire and fancy.

"The time will soon come, yea, is now approaching, when my admirers shall be no more ; when not only measure and versification shall be disregarded, but when the very poetry of prose shall be neglected ; when the beautiful shall give place to the ordinary ; and when the few who remain under my influence, shall be remarked as odd, ridiculed as enthusiastic, and neglected as visionaries ; when the best and noblest, the fairest and the brightest parts of character, shall be condemned as useless ; when imagination shall be uncultivated, sensibility rooted from the heart, and generosity unappreciated. Alas ! then for the few to whom I shall impart a portion of poetic fire ! Alas, for those whom I shall raise above their species ; for their own age, unable to appreciate them, shall not only slight but ridicule them !"

F.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT CHILD.

THOU art torn from us, my blossom, thy fragrance is no more ;
And we thy early blighting with bitter tears deplore ;
For, in the green parterre of home, with many a springing flower,
No more thy tints of loveliness shall deck thy native bower.

Oh, thou wast nurtured carefully, and watered with the dew
Of all Life's warm affections, unchangeable and true ;
But Autumn gales have wafted thee where Summer blossoms lie,
Alas ! my beautiful, that thou should'st fade away and die !

My child ! my child ! why to the grave's cold bosom did'st thou flee,
Could not a mother's fervent heart have better shielded thee ?
And all thy sister-flowers that bloom upon the parent stem,
How will they pale and wither now, since thou art lost to them !

Oft when upon her radiant course the midnight moon was seen,
And the stars looked out so brilliantly behind their sapphire screen,
Cradled and hushed in quiet sleep, I've watched thy infant charms,
And never dreamed that Death, dear one, could snatch thee from my arms.

And when the music of thy voice fell on my listening ear,
Like notes of earliest birds in Spring, so soft and sweetly clear,
I thought when future years should come, that round the Winter hearth
Thy tones would ring — Alas ! for all thy melody, Oh Earth !

Pure innocent, thy home is with the holy and the blest,
Thy Saviour's arms, my snow-white dove, thy happy ark of rest ;
And though, like Summer birds and blooms, thy loveliness has fled,
The brightness of the Cherubim is shining round thy head !

P. B.

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SHUBART.

“Eternity is written in the skies.”—YOUNG.

THE starry heavens form incontestably one of the sublimest objects in nature. The philosopher, who, on their spangled page, studies the laws of the universe ; the poet, whose imagination is kindled and brightened, and enlivened as his eye, “in a fine phrenzy rolling,” glances up to them in contemplation ; the shepherd, whose simple life is cheered and gratefully diversified by their splendor and variety ; the mariner, who in them beholds the unfailing beacons by which to steer his perilous course ; the moon-struck astrologer, who fancies himself able to predict from stellar aspects and conjunctions the fate impending over his fellow-worm ; the Persian, who worships the sun ; the Syrian, who adores the moon ; the Arab, who venerates the stars—each derives a distinct enjoyment from gazing at the nocturnal heavens, and each perceives peculiar beauties in the starry firmament. Hence the question naturally arises, “What is it that produces an effect so powerful and so universally operative, as well on the simple child of nature, as on the man of cultivated mind ?” He who beholds in the glittering concave naught but diamonds of the purest water, spangling the ebon curtain of Night, has but an imperfect idea of this beauty. If this alone constituted the attraction, the eternal uniformity and sameness would soon pall on the temper, like the pomp of an everduring

procession. But that which presents itself to our view is not the sombre covering of a catafalk, it is the veil of the outer court of the temple, fashioned and finished by the Eternal,—of the outer court (dimly visible, though illumined by myriad torches) of that temple, into whose Holy of Holies no mortal eye will ever penetrate. The lights which we there behold require no human watchfulness to keep them from quenching; and while enjoying their mild radiance, the soft silence of the grave surrounds us—yet are we not terrified by the cold stillness of death.

Whence, then, is it, that the contemplation of the finest productions of Art so soon fatigue the mind? Whence is it, that even the sublimest objects of terrestrial nature produce satiety, if unenlivened by the presence of animated beings, or not diversified by the mutations of the seasons; and that yet the heavens never lose their attractiveness? How comes it that, for successive ages, they have been themes of wonder to *all* nations, and objects of adoration with *many*; and that the best-trained minds have ever found them an inexhaustible source of thought—a never-failing subject of contemplation? The reason lies in this, that they impress even on the unconscious mind of the beholder some sensible idea, or furnish it with a faint conception, of Infinitude; and exhibit a regular and uninterrupted motion that points to an all-powerful and all-perfect Artificer Divine. Every starlight night opens new and before undiscovered prospects. The number of the stars multiplies with every glance which the practised eye casts on the heavens; it seems to approach infinity when the sight is aided by the telescope; and as the power of the glass is increased, yet smaller and more dimly twinkling lights are developed in the depths of interminable space, at distances so remote that to conceive of them surpasses the limited faculty of the imagination.

This great, and grand, and boundless spectacle is enlivened by Motion. Not the sudden and momentary movements of the animal creation; nor the noisy, stormy, and destructive convulsions that agitate the air and the ocean. No—a motion gradual, noiseless, and conservative; which has continued uninterruptedly for ages, and bears within it the germ of perpetuity. It is true, the heavens also have their times, terms, and seasons; but they are observable alone by the astronomer's eye, and their duration and vicissitudes are determined only by myriads of years.

That portion of terrestrial nature which is presented to our observation beneath the glimpses of the moon, is an eternal mutation—the image of transitoriness and death. All things which we see upon earth either evaporate, moulder, wither, decay, or die, to make room or supply sustenance for others. Hence, not unfrequently,

the naturalist brings himself to regard death as the final doom of man, and to believe that we have fulfilled the purposes of our existence when we have served worms for food, and enriched the soil for the support of future tribes. On this, too, he bases the comfortless doctrine that Nature regards not individuals, but concerns herself only for the preservation and perpetuation of species and generations. But in yonder azure expanse Nature presents herself in a different aspect, and discourses a different language. The perpetual duration and immutability which are there stamped and proclaimed, awaken in our souls the hope of immortality. The perfect order, seemingly founded on chance, and the apparent interruption of which conduces to the preservation of the whole, manifests the supervision of an all-wise Providence, who is concerned for the most minute of his works: and when in the dark, and profound, and distant immensity, we discover new worlds and new systems at every accession of visual power, and behold the boundaries of creation, which we thought we had reached, ever widening and expanding before our view, the idea of Infinitude is gradually developed in our souls. Yonder innumerable masses, which float in such sublime and mysterious grandeur in the immensity of space, obliterate and banish the contracted conceptions of Materialism, which an acquaintance with the mere superficies of our earth has in some minds engendered. They teach us to conceive of that Incomprehensible Being who, concealed behind the veil of his own works, rules and sustains the whole, and is "the life of all that lives." They elevate our thoughts, from an admiration of gross material things to the contemplation and adoration of that God,

" Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds!"

GLORY.

TO A BANISHED POET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

"The poet here addressed was, with regard to his fate and misfortunes, a second Camoens. Banished for some political offence, he died in great distress a few years ago, having been a long time a pensioner on the scanty bounty of the French government."—*Edinburgh Review*.

I.

Two different pathways open on your eyes,
Ye noble favorites of the sacred Muse;
One leads to pleasure, one to glory's prize:
Mortals, 'tis yours to choose.

II.

Manoel! thy lot the general law obeys;
 The goddess showered her smiles in early years;
 Woven of pain and triumph were thy days,
 Aye dimmed thine eye with tears!

III.

Yet blush to envy, thou!—the vulgar heart—
 The sterile rest denied to souls of fire;
 Beings of earth in earth-born joys have part—
 Ours is the deathless lyre!

IV.

Ages are thine—the world thy heritage!
 In death, high altars to true honor rise,
 Where, for thy genius, builds a future age
 Fame that outlasts the skies!

V.

So the proud eagle, where the storms sojourn,
 Soars in intrepid flight, still upward driven;
 And seems to say, "Upon earth's bosom born,
 I claim my home in heaven!"

VI.

Yes, Glory waits thee!—pause and contemplate
 The price at which the votary seeks her shrine;
 Lo! sits Misfortune at the temple gate,
 And keeps the steps divine.

VII.

There dwells the bard ungrateful Greece of old
 Saw bear from sea to sea his woes, his years;
 Blind, at base price the gift divine he sold—
 Bread steeped in exile's tears.

VIII.

There Tasso, burning with his fatal flame,
 In irons for his love and his renown,
 When he would win the mighty wreath of fame,
 To his dark cell goes down.

IX.

The wretched, the proscribed, the victim still,
 On earth, against an adverse fortune strives:
 Of woe to noble hearts Heaven's changeless will
 A deeper measure gives.

X.

Then hush the wailings of thy plaintive lyre!
 Base hearts are whelmed beneath misfortune's tide:
 In thee, a king dethroned, let woe inspire
 Nought but a generous pride.

XI.

What reck'st thou that the oppressor's stern commands
 Detain thee from the shore that was thy home?
 Or that thy destiny in other lands
 Prepares a glorious tomb?

XII.

Nor exile, nor the tyrant's fetters hard,
 Can bind thy glory to the bed of death:
 Lisbon shall claim the heritage her bard
 Bequeathed with failing breath.

XIII.

They who despised, shall mourn the great man lost:
 Athens her victims shrined in domes of fame;
 Coriolanus died—and Rome's proud host,
 Repentant, hailed his name.

XIV.

Ere Ovid to the Stygian realm went down,
 Towards the wide heavens he stretched a suppliant hand:
 To foreign shores his dust—but his renown
 Left to his native land.

E. F. E.

HERMEUS,

OR LETTERS FROM A MODERN GREEK.

LETTER SEVENTH.

WHEN we gaze for a long period upon the works of man, the eye becomes sated and the mind weary; but whilst we gaze upon the ever-varying face of nature, grandeur, beauty, or loveliness gush upon the heart in some of their infinite modifications, fill it with a new fount of thought, repress every worldly and ignoble impulse, and give birth to those divine aspirations, those dreams of the good and the beautiful, the most soul-invigorating, if not the sweetest, in our cup of life.

In the works of man there is a monotony, a sameness of design and of execution, a something which clogs our feelings down to the same eternal goal. Man imitates; he creates only through his powers of perception and of imitation. God creates! his works alone have that eternal variety which springs from the union and omnipotence of intellect and might.

It is the shores of my own beloved Greece that I am coasting, and you must pardon my prolixity. I shall not attempt to analyze the feelings which crowd upon my mind, from the first voyage of Ulysses through all the scenes of Grecian, Roman, and Italian history, even to the wars of the Austrian against the Ottomite, or later, the combined fleets of the three great powers of Europe in

behalf of oppressed Greece. The famed Ambracian Gulf, Lepanto's Bay, and Navarino, are before me. The latter not claiming the wreath of fame for the naval engagement which took place there when three powerful empires combined to humble a state already weakened by internal convulsions, by the treacherous seizure of important portions of its dominions by its ambitious and unprincipled neighbor, and by the ruinous effects of a long and sanguinary civil war with rebellious Pachas. The battle of Navarino, as a victory, would be a reproach to the prowess of the nations concerned; but the events which may hereafter spring from it will render it, in all probability, one of the most important movements which have taken place in this spirit-stirring era. On this spot, now so placid and so lovely, was fought that contest, which, in its probable consequences, will lead to the annihilation of an empire once the greatest of the earth.

You, perhaps, remembering our wrongs, will ask me, as did my friend Count Evanhoff, if I should not rejoice in such a consummation? No, my friend. I know that my countrymen have suffered under the sway of the Ottomite all that a dependent people can suffer from rulers of a different faith, who, possessing power here below, would also exercise that power in a future world, and take upon themselves to guard the portals of heaven from the unbeliever, even as they exclude the despised slave from any participation in earthly honors.

No, my friend: when the contest was over, and the sword sheathed, every feeling of enmity and jealousy of our so late oppressors died within my breast. We were free, if not from domestic oppression, at least from foreign subjection; and to have cherished the least particle of ill-will against those with whose country my own had been so long blended, would be for the freeman, whose soul should respond only to high and ennobling sentiments, to be swayed by those feelings of mortified pride, self-abasement, rankling jealousy, and revenge, which characterizes the moral degradation of the slave.

The Empire of Turkey, at the present moment, seems tottering in the last stages of senility, towards decay; and the reflective mind naturally turns to trace the causes which are tending to add this, as one more, to the empires of the past.

The decline and fall of nations, exemplifying the instability of all mundane prosperity and greatness, and the vanity of the noblest designs, the vastest projects of human intellect, humbling man's pride and inculcating the greatest of all moral lessons, excites in a pre-eminent degree our interest and investigation.

How often, during my interesting voyage, has the description

given by Servius Sulpicius, in his celebrated letter to Cicero, risen to my remembrance : he there says,

"In my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Egina towards Megara, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Egina, before me Megara; on my right I saw Pireus, and on my left Corinth. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now presented nothing to my view but a sad spectacle of desolation. Alas, I said to myself, shall such a short-lived creature as man complain when one of his species falls, either by the hand of violence or by the common course of nature; whilst, in this narrow compass, so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins. Remember then, oh my heart! the general lot to which man is born, and let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs."

Thus wrote the philosophic Roman near two thousand years ago! The same words describe with equal fidelity the same scene now. How graphic is the description! How beautiful its truth! Amid all the revolutions, changes, and mutations, which have taken place during that period, these cities only appear to have known no change. It would seem as if prosperity and greatness alone were mutable, but ruin and desolation eternal!

To the number of once glorious cities cited by Sulpicius, how many might now be added, at that period at the altitude of their power and splendor; and it will include even Athens, most glorious of them all! Since the Roman lamented the ruin of so many cities, once its rivals in extent and wealth, though not in its classic and intellectual fame, *that* has borne the ravages of the Goth, the Frank, and the Ottomite. Its beautiful temples have been desecrated by the hand of the barbarian, and the not less fatal hand of pretended virtue; now sunk to the very lowest state of misery and degradation, its very existence depends upon its having become the temporary sojourn of the wealthy and idle from foreign climes, who have been led to visit it from the fame of its past glory, but who, having no souls to revere all that is great and beautiful in art, remorselessly plunder it of its few remains of gone-by splendor which time and rapine had spared.

But you will remind me that it is sometimes visited by those whose pilgrim feet have been lured thither by enthusiasm and admiration for genius, and who have paced the precincts of its classic fanes, bearing such impress of the all-mastering power of mind, with the same deep reverence with which the pious tread the hallowed aisles of their most imposing temples. True, my friend, for have not you visited it? have not you loitered amidst its deserted fanes, dedicated to a worship which has long since given place to a holier and purer faith, and your love of the good and beautiful in the moral world, been exalted by the contemplation of grace and beauty manifested in the unrivalled execution of those immortal and godlike concep-

tions, which seem indeed not born of earth, but emanations of the divinity; who that beholds them, can believe that Prometheus stealing fire from heaven is but a poetic allegory? The spark was indeed ethereal which endued the sculptor with the power to bring forth the statue from the block, all but instinct with life, and bequeath it as an immortal legacy to the world.

Sometimes, when the description of Sulpicius has been pictured before me in all its vivid truth, as I have been gazing on the same spot, at the same scene, it has required an exertion of fancy to convince my understanding that those lines were not penned but yesterday; or, if indeed written by the Roman Proconsul, did he describe what he saw?—or was he not rather gifted with a prophetic spirit? Was he not one of the few who have been permitted to read the future? Was it not by a philosophic contrast of what then was, with an anticipation of what was one day to be, that he sought to solace the despair of his mourning friend, and by a touching and beautiful, though unreal picture, to awaken in his mind a sense of the mutability of all below?

Sulpicius moralized over the ruin of four cities; but he recalled not to mind the desolation of the still more vast, wealthy, and populous cities of the east, or of those empires of the riches and power of which those cities were but the concentrated focus,—those empires which stretched from the east to the west, from the south to the sterile and uninhabitable regions of the north—even then annihilated! What sublime reflections would not the remembrance of these have been likely to call forth in the mind of the enlightened Roman! Since then, we, my Edelhard, have beheld that which he, in all likelihood, believed to be beyond the power of possibility; we have pondered on the fall of that gigantic empire he saw but in its advent to universal dominion, ere it had attained its meridian splendor, nay, centuries before its body politic had been touched by the worm of corruption. He beheld it, exulting in the buoyancy and vigor of its manhood, and fancying, in the fulness of joy and pride, that its moral and physical strength would be eternal.

The fame of its past glory, its name, and crumbling monuments, are all that has not passed away of imperial Rome. We have seen many new empires arise, obtain an almost unlimited sway, and expire as suddenly as they rose. In Rome, it was the mastery of mind of its inhabitants which obtained for their country the dominion of the world. In most other cases it has been but the greatness of a single individual, whose mental superiority enabled him to mould men to his will,—who has willed to create that terrific engine of despotism and tyranny, an army of warriors, and the

affrighted world submitted in despair and terror to the sway of the rapacious and slaughtering ravagers.

Thus the Turk, the Goth, the Frank, and the Vandal, have, in succession, laid desolate the domestic hearth; defaced with ruin and blood those lovely and fertile plains which the Almighty made riant with gladness and beauty; obtained for a brief period the sovereignty of the world; and what have they bequeathed to posterity to indicate their once supremacy? Do they offer us an example of the height to which moral discipline and virtue may attain? Was it for the arts, the sciences, the literature they fostered? No,—their names are now inscribed on the historic page, not for the good they designed or executed, but for having marred and destroyed these where they existed,—turned back the stream of civilization, which can alone conduct man to happiness, through virtue and the development of his intellectual capabilities.

There was, however, during the prevailing darkness of the middle ages, one race of conquerors who possessed a portion of the unquenchable fire which, in the earlier ages, appears to have been kindled and matured in those regions of the sun where, apotheosized, he was endowed with mental as well as physical powers; and to have imparted to his worshippers so large a portion of his divinest attributes.

This was the Saracens, who, under the successive dynasties of the Omniades and the Abassidie, extended their sway over Persia; deprived the just expiring Eastern empire of all its Asiatic dominions, subdued the whole coast of Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic; and, again passing into Europe, fixed in the Peninsula the seat of a splendid and powerful empire, bringing with them the refining influence of the sciences and the arts, and striking the minds of those living in a succeeding and less imaginative era with astonishment and admiration. What now remains of a people so voluptuous, magnificent, but refined in their splendor? A few marble fountains, mosaic pavements, carved pillars, and the rich arabesque tracery on a few crumbling walls!

LETTER EIGHTH.

Venice.—The Queen of the Adriatic rises before me in her beauty, her marble palaces glittering in the morning sun, her throne fixed on a constellation of islands, and the diamond spray from the emerald depths which surround them alone glittering on the crown which encircles her brows,—an ocean throne, well fitted for her who so long wielded the ocean sceptre.

Might not a fanciful imagination, beholding it in its magic loveliness gradually rising on the sight, indeed fancy it a very Armida's palace of enchantment and romance? Or would not a denizen of old Ionia people it with some of his fanciful divinities? Might he not claim this as the favorite residence, the chosen city of the goddess mother of Achilles, when she leaves her palace beneath "old Ocean's caves" to honor with her presence the festive rites of her worshippers.

Venice, I hail thy marble halls! I render thee that homage of the heart, which thy past glory, even more than thy matchless beauty, must awaken in every breast which is alive to grace and loveliness, or kindles at the relation of great achievements, and at beholding the works of immortal genius.

You will, perhaps, remind me that it is of our ancient and hereditary foe that I thus speak; of her, to repress whose ambition the prowess of my country has been so often and so gloriously exerted. I admit it, my friend; yet our past strife is remembered only for the glory with which it invested both,—if records of strife and war can bequeath glory. With a mind which has quaffed of the stream of science, a denizen of that land where the arts were carried to their highest perfection, I should be an apostate to my country's fame—insensible to the brilliant halo which crowns her with such immortal splendor,—were I to consider with any feeling but admiration that country which, receiving the arts and literature immediately from Greece, carried their culture so high as to become the rival in perfection with its instructress. But the greatest interest thrown around Venice is derived from her swaying for so long a time the *ocean-empire*. Experience proves to us that this empire has been as varying as that gained by arms and conquest; though, as derived from commerce, apparently fixed on so much more solid a foundation.

Tyre was once the mistress of the seas; her commerce extended from Ultima Thule, to the western coasts of Africa, and her manufactures, and the rich produce of her looms were the subjects of barter in every then known land; till Carthage rose to rob her of her hitherto exclusive dominion of the main, and having herself arrived at the zenith of power, she was in turn obliged to yield this source of all her greatness to a rival yet in the dawn of its wonderful career. With its commerce Tyre fell; in its prosperity it had created nothing which could elicit for its declining grandeur the admiration and sympathy of the world. Engrossed with its manufactures and commerce, and swayed by the vile passion for accumulating wealth, the Tyrians borrowed the arts from neighboring nations, and used them only as they found them necessary for

this vile passion, they adopted the astronomy of the Chaldeans, as necessary to their navigation, and the architecture of the Egyptians for their habitations and public edifices; but unendowed with the refined taste, the spirituality of mind which led the Greeks so much to improve and refine on the Egyptian models.*

So with Carthage, whose chief fame is now reflected from the over-shadowing brightness of her rival and conqueror.

With the Carthaginians wealth was the only object of ambition, the one good to the attainment of which all their pursuits were directed with undeviating perseverance. Science was pursued only so far as it was conducive to this end. The arts and the polite literature, which tend so much to soften men's fiery passions, and imbue with humanity and gentleness, were unknown and unappreciated.

Did the indifference to art amongst the Carthaginians arise from obtusity of intellect; did they possess no ear for harmony, no eye for beauty and grace? Or was it that the sole object of existence being the accumulating of wealth, this grovelling and vulgar passion excluded every heaven-lit feeling from their souls, and caused them to be characterized on the page of history only for the savage ferocity and cruelty of their dispositions. The fame of Hannibal, it is true, has cast a reflected beam of glory over his country. But could it even be proved that the mind of that great man was free from the cruel, revengeful, and implacable disposition of his countrymen, one master-mind, one gentler spirit, could not redeem the character of the nation.†

A name is now all that remains of Tyre and Carthage, not a shadow exists of their power and much prized wealth; the career of succeeding empires have since riveted the gaze of mankind, and when the noon of their splendor has been illumed by the creations of genius, what interest, what a magic spell, what a hallowed reverence renders still lovely and gleams a ray of light around the darkest moments of their ruin and despair. Such may be swept from the roll of nations, may become immersed in some new, and, for a time, mighty empire, as have been the case with Egypt, Greece, Rome, Venice, Genoa; yet still are they sacred to the soul, still is every mountain, stream, and valley, dear to memory.

The artist reveres Egypt for the esteem in which she held the

* It is this fact which seems to determine that Palenque and Vehmél were Phœnician colonies; as the buildings there discovered are of Egyptian architecture, but the Egyptians were no navigators; and the Phœnicians in their colonies always adopted that of the Egyptians.

† Carthage produced not a single painter, sculptor, poet, or author, with the exception of Terence, the Latin dramatist, who can scarcely be termed an exception, as he left Africa when a child, and was brought up and educated at Rome.

arts and sciences, and the fostering care which she bestowed on their culture ; — for its temples, on the lofty walls of which the history of its greatness, its conquests, and its refinement, centuries anterior to the period to which our historic chronicles ascend, are splendidly carved in basso-relievos, which have defied for so many ages the destructive power of time, and now alone remain to indicate its past and long-forgotten glories.

The learned, the scientific man, visits Egypt that he may study, on the roofs of its deserted temples, the history of the most soul elevating of all the sciences ; and is led to confess with admiration that the divine principle which animates the minds of all, and glows so brightly in the pure of heart, had instinctively led men to seek a knowledge of the great first cause of all, and wisdom pointed out that it could be attained only by the study and contemplation of his works in the infinity of the universe.

The schoolman reveres Egypt as containing Alexandria, where learning was so far cultivated as to give name to one of the celebrated schools of ancient philosophy.

It is this impress of mind in its highest attributes which makes Greece still a cynosure to the devotional eye of kindred genius, the theme of the poet's song, his inspiration as his muse. And it is this which is now leading me to the scene of its next development, to behold the wondrous creations of its power in Italy.

You tell me in one of your letters that my mind is too much shrouded in the past, that I am not sufficiently alive to the mental energy, the moral vigor, the new hive of thought which has been unfolded during the present century ; and from which your benevolent mind, warmed with such a lofty spirit of humanity, anticipates such glorious results.

Yet bear with me, my friend. I am aware of the inquiring, the philosophic spirit which pervades the principal nations of Europe ; and it is this knowledge which is leading me, a humble votary of truth, to visit those countries, to contemplate the social system under its various aspects.

It is from being so keenly alive to the intellectual spirit of the present age, that I am led so much to ponder on the past.

Those climes, now heaving with the compressed weight, the divinity of thought ; having experienced all the changes which mark the progress of states and of society ; are ascending high in the last, the intellectual scale. Exulting with pride in the mental energy displayed during the last hundred years, their glowing dreams of moral perfectibility, have led them to frame an ascending scale through succeeding ages, in which thought, intellect, and the moral virtues and qualities thereon depending, should continue to augment

in a still increasing ratio. They compare the present state with the past, of their own countries, perhaps but imperfectly and incorrectly known, and justly exult in the contrast. I, too, compare the past state of my country with the present, and my heart bleeds at the change. I am then naturally led to inquire, have these nations carried wisdom and philosophy, have they carried the moral qualities, the heroic virtues, to a loftier height?—Have their poets surpassed those of Greece?—Have their sculptors shown the divinity breathing in man, their architects the grace, harmony, and archness of design; or their painters, with more truth and brilliancy of tint, made lasting that loveliness so evanescent when linked with suffering humanity? Yet has the halo of its glory melted away, even as the sun's beams fade in the darkness of night.

Every spot around points out to me the same great lesson, and can I believe, with these indexes of change ever present to my mind and eye, from my youth upwards, that the nations now so enlightened are to go on ever progressing in increasing mental light?

Change, or motion, is the primary power of the universe. Revolution, in the physical world, is the omnipotent first law of nature. Are these nations to be exempted from this law?—are they in the mundane circle to move ever direct, never as appearing stationary, nor as moving retrograde? Are they to be like the comet, approaching still the sun, till apparently lost in the effulgence of his beams; but, unlike that mysterious orb, are they never to recede?

Such are the feelings that are ever forcing themselves upon my mind. I have passed by the desolate and deserted sites of once mighty empires and states; and as I muse on their progress, their might, and their ruin, I do but prepare myself the better to comprehend those now in the zenith of power that I am about to visit.

LETTER NINTH.

Venice.—A few evenings after my arrival at Venice, I joined a brilliant circle at the palace of an English nobleman at present a resident here. At a former period this mart of the world beheld upon its crowded Prado the wealthy and high-born from foreign climes come to revel in its amusements and dissipation. The swarthy merchant from the Euphrates, the Ganges, and the Nile, and the robust and ruddier native of a ruder clime, here met to exchange the produce of their respective nations; and the needy adventurer, lured by the fame of its wealth, came in its pursuit, and obtained it by ministering to the follies or vices of the luxurious. These, all clad in the costumes of their respective nations, made it

that brilliant panorama which fame has portrayed it to have been, and our fancy recognizes.

This is no more! The merchandize of the world has found a new mart. Wealth has fled to other shores; and Pleasure leads her votaries, bound in her silken fetters, to follow in its train. Yet, as I stood in the decorated saloon of the T—— palace, it would not have required a great stretch of the imagination to have fancied myself a sojourner in Venice in the olden time. I was standing on the tessellated floor, under the frescoed ceilings, beside marble columns with their exquisitely-wrought bas-reliefs, by which had paced the sons of Fame, the pride of Venice. Then might be met in these halls with genius, beauty, valor, and chivalry, culled from every land; and did I not thus behold it? Then might the knights of France, England, and Spain, who had come to Venice to break a lance or tilt with the warriors of the East—the mimic strife ended,—be seen with their antagonists in the same saloon, exchanging all the bland and gentle courtesies of polished life, whilst the fairest dames rained on them glances and smiles, their proudest guerdon.

The Garcilasos, the Birones, the Surreys of a former day, could join the dance, could wake the harp, or string the lyre. Now I beheld the scarlet uniform of England, the blue of France, the white of Austria; and were the hearts that beat beneath less elevated and noble? Then was seen beauty, on the image of which we may yet gaze in many a Titian and Bellini; was it superior to that apparently centred here from various climes, and elevated by grace, intelligence, and refinement?

But, above the charm of beauty, above the interest which nobleness and valor ever excites, I experienced a yet higher delight; it was, to contemplate talents and genius holding their just and high pre-eminence. To several of the guests I was already known; and I felt my heart beat with a new glow of happiness as I once again listened to the flow of thought and wit amongst the brilliant and learned.

But the chief source of the pleasure I experienced was from again meeting with a long-lost sight of, but fondly-cherished friend, whose remembrance is linked with some of the sweetest moments of my existence.

It was whilst I was yet a youth, and my loved Euthasie in the bloom of girlhood, radiant in smiles and happiness, seated by my side on the steps of the Acropolis, listening in wrapt attention to my tales of other times, as I awakened in her unfolding intellect a passionate interest in all the scenes around us; and as my soul warmed with the theme, glancing on her eloquent countenance, I

saw her eyes suffused with tears: she was mentally comparing the glorious past with the present desecration of the matchless temple before us. We were, however, roused from our visions of ancient Greece; for Euthasie sprung from my side, uttering a piercing scream, and exclaimed, "Oh, he is killed!" Darting to the spot she indicated, I beheld a young man lying on the ground, to all appearance dead. It was the same youth we had before observed standing on a scaffolding, examining with great attention the bas-reliefs on the frieze: having stepped too near the edge, to take a more enlarged survey, he lost his balance, and fell to the ground. I endeavoured to recall life; while Euthasie, who had never hitherto stepped beyond our garden precincts unattended, now with steps winged with terror reached our home, and summoned assistance. Thither the sufferer was immediately conveyed; but though he was restored to animation, an injured arm and a sprained ancle confined him to a couch for several weeks. From his apartment I was seldom absent, and soon experienced for our interesting and gifted guest the warmest affection.

This stranger, who had visited Greece to make its chefs-d'œuvre his study, was Vernini, then a youth unknown to fame; but no one could have then gazed upon his expansive brow, his brilliant eye, or listened to the outpourings of his intelligent and imaginative mind, without feeling that fame must one day wreath his brow; that he was a being of that order whose intellect throws a gleam of splendor not only over their own country but the world.

Now, after an interval of many years, I again met my friend, and how? Surrounded by the high minded, the gifted, and the noble, who could appreciate his extraordinary genius, and whose mental endowments enabled them to keep pace with, and to respond to every chord touched by his reflective mind, or sparkling fancy.

If I may judge by the expression of a countenance and an eye, on which candor and truth are so legibly stamped, the pleasure of Vernini, at our unexpected meeting, was not less than my own. Since our parting, how many years had elapsed, the most eventful and important of both our lives. They had produced striking changes in our persons, but how light were these in comparison to what our minds had experienced. The brilliant visions of youth had been dimmed by the stern reality of life. Still his had received an embodiment and crowning. But mine! where are they? His were of beauty and of grace, and to enwreath his name with the deathless few; and mine were such, my heart still tells me, as would have led me to act the patriot's part had heaven and my country so willed it.

After our recognition, as you may easily imagine, I had thought and eye only for Vernini; and early this morning, as I was pre-

paring to visit him, he entered my apartment and threw himself into my arms.

I inquired his history since we parted ; and, oh God, how does my own shame by the comparison ! His life had been one of toil, study, and perseverance under difficulties which would have subdued one less borne up by the godlike spirit within. He had traversed sandy deserts to gaze on the ruins of Persepolis and Palmyra ; he had travelled amid the depopulated regions of Southern Asia Minor, to view the wrecks of cities, once the hives of industry and wealth, but whose very names now are become the subject of disquisition with the learned topographer ; he had visited the cataracts of the Nile, and explored those wondrous temples where the traveller marvels to behold so graphically delineated indices of nations, every vestige of which has been lost in the lapse of ages : he had crossed the Lybian deserts of Africa, and, amidst its burning sands, beheld the aqueducts, temples, and monuments, mementos of a by-gone civilization : whilst the chief cities of Europe are as familiar to him as the home of his youth. With the vast learning thus acquired, Vernini unites the benevolence of the sage, and the simplicity of character which is ever found allied to true wisdom. Farewell.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

"Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens.

COLERIDGE.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit.

KEATS.

THE green-spread earth, the wavy air,
The ever-bending sea,
Are filled with spirits, who pour forth
Their untaught minstrelsy ;
They sweep their harps at break of day,
And at the sunset hour,
By the side of every running rill,
And every breathing flower.

They hum sweet tunes from bending reeds
To waters flowing by,
As if an angel's breath were heard,
Or silence heaved a sigh ;

They sit beneath the twilight star,
 And by the sleeping lake ;
 And to the silver ripple's swell
 Their melting voices wake.

And where on sands of mealy gold,
 The waves their tribute pour,
 They roll, with every breaking surge,
 Their music to the shore ;
 And where the inland torrents shoot,
 In arrowy speed along ;
 They sit among the shelving rocks,
 And echo back the song.

They swing upon each wild-wood flower
 That looks upon the sky ;
 And sweetly breathe their liquid notes
 To minds that wander by ;
 And thus, a thousand spirits round,
 With harp, and lute, and voice,
 Are calling to the human heart,
 To listen and rejoice.

R. C. W.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRAFFER.

[THIS celebrated individual attracts and engages our attention, alike by his genius, his literary productions, and the vicissitudes of his fortune. He occupies a prominent place in the literary history of his country ; and whatever objections may be justly urged against his moral character, it is universally conceded that he has earned imperishable fame by his "Barber of Seville," his "Figaro," and his complete edition of Voltaire's Works.]

PETER AUGUSTIN, BARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, was born at Paris, on the 24th of January, 1732. His father was a watchmaker, and destined him to the same occupation ; but perceiving indications of talent in his son, he determined to permit him to pursue the study of belles-lettres, mathematics, and mechanics. The youth's progress was rapid and gratifying ; and he speedily distinguished himself in the latter branch of his studies by the invention of a coining press on a new principle. His claim to this invention was indeed contested—but in vain ; the subject was referred to the *Academie des Sciences*, which, after a full and careful investigation, decided in

favor of Beaumarchais. This triumph, however, was far from flattering or elating him. The controversy which preceded it, had tended rather to create in his mind a distaste for the pursuits in which he was engaged. Under the influence of this feeling, he renounced the studies, which experience, moreover, had taught him were of too circumscribed a range for his expansive genius and soaring ambition; and resolved to devote himself exclusively to the cultivation of the fine arts, of music more especially, to which he was passionately attached.

In a very short time he acquired considerable celebrity for his delightful compositions, and his masterly performances on the harp. He greatly improved the mechanism of that much neglected instrument, and successfully competed with the most eminent performers and the most skilful amateurs. His fame now spread even to the throne, and he was summoned to give instruction in music to the daughters of Louis XV.—Adelaide, Sophia, and Victorie. His perpetual flow of spirits, his great conversational powers, his polished manners, and his acknowledged professional skill, enabled him so to ingratiate himself with those princesses, that he was regularly admitted to their private parties; and thus the foundation of his fortune was laid. He contracted acquaintance with influential and prominent men, and formed important and highly advantageous connexions. The Court banker, Duverney, became his personal friend, and associated him with himself in his financial operations, which enabled Beaumarchais to amass great wealth before he attained his thirty-sixth year. But his ambition thirsted for yet higher distinctions; he was eager for renown, and turned to the walks of literature in quest of the object of his aspirations.

Endowed by nature with a lively imagination, an original turn of thought, a satiric spirit, and a susceptible mind, he felt himself impelled to become a writer for the stage. His first dramatic production was entitled "*Eugenie*," and appeared in the year 1767. At first it was generally believed that the piece was founded on Le Sage's "*Diable Boiteux*;" but this was an error. The drama was based on an occurrence which happened to the author's sister at Madrid, and in which, as appears from his celebrated memoirs, he himself acted a principal part. Goëthe, the great German poet, subsequently availed himself of the same materials in his tragedy of "*Clavijo*." The extraordinary energy and truth of the language and sentiments, and the remarkable keeping of the scenes and situations, which distinguish this earliest production of Beaumarchais, admit of ready explanation when it is known that the poet drew on his personal experience and observation, for plot, incident, and dialogue; and narrated a story, all of which he saw, and in part of

which he had himself been an actor. The play met with a most brilliant reception, and still retains its place on the French stage. In 1770 he published another, called "*Les deux Amis*," or the Merchant of Lyons, which was much less popular, and even excited hisses and ridicule when first represented. The pith of the piece consists in the pecuniary embarrassments of an honest man, whom untoward circumstances compelled to stop payment. When the curtain fell, a wit in the gallery exclaimed—"It is the story of a bankrupt by whom I have lost twenty sous!" On a subsequent occasion, when the piece was performed at the Opera House, Beaumarchais was present in the green-room, and expressed his surprise at the smallness of the audience. "How happens it," said he, to Mademoiselle Arnauld, a spirited and witty actress—"that the house is so thin to-night?" "What would you more?" replied the malicious fair one—"surely your *friends* [*amis*] are sufficient to fill it!"

But this trifling disappointment was soon forgotten in the pressure and claims of more important concerns, which furnished Beaumarchais with opportunities to display the versatility of his genius and the power of his talents. Paris-Duverney had died, and his heir, the Count La Blanche, not only withheld from him the payment of fifteen thousand livres which the dramatist claimed as a debt due to him by the deceased banker, but contended that Beaumarchais owed the estate fifty thousand dollars besides. A protracted lawsuit was the consequence, pending which, in 1774, Beaumarchais published his celebrated "*Memoirs*" against the Counsellor Goerman, which entertained all France, and drew public sentiment over to the side of reason and justice. But the effect of this publication was considerably neutralized by the appearance of the "*New Memoirs*," to the issuing of which he was induced by the difficulties that attended the termination of the suit, which appeared to become more and more complicated the more it was examined. But Beaumarchais continued to maintain his cause with unconquerable firmness and untiring perseverance, against a powerful adversary, a bribed judge and a prejudiced tribunal; and he finally succeeded in coming off victorious. His resources seemed to multiply as his difficulties increased. The *Memoirs*, combining the most forcible reasoning with the keenest irony and the most attractive eloquence, and in which the author arraigns his unjust judge before his own tribunal, and from the accused becomes the accuser, are, as a whole, a masterpiece of composition. The position in which Beaumarchais placed both his adversary and his judge was intolerably ludicrous; and though he was subjected to censure by the Parliament of Paris, for the boldness approaching to audacity

with which he repelled his opponents, yet the public voice unanimously declared the parliamentary resolution unconstitutional, and all Paris strove to heap testimonials of applause on the delinquent. Even a prince of the blood inscribed his name on the door of Beaumarchais's dwelling-house; and thus he, whose overthrow had been plotted by the powerful, saw himself stronger and more highly honored than ever before. His celebrity was now more widely diffused than at any previous period of his life; and even Voltaire became jealous of the fame of the "Memoirs."

His triumph, and the evidences of popular favor with which it was attended, only increased his thirst for renown, and he immediately resumed his dramatic labors. In 1775 he produced on the French boards, the "Barber of Seville;" and the theatre now became the arena on which Beaumarchais, armed in panoply completed, expected to encounter his personal enemies. The new play was condemned at the first representation, but was afterwards revived with better success, and still retains a place among the stock plays of the Repertory. The novelty of its scenes, the interest of the story, the complication of the plot, the philosophic acuteness with which the author seized and appropriated traits of character, the levity and spirit of the dialogue, the admirably sustained interest of the piece, and the inimitable amenity and grace which pervade it, secure to the play beyond all question ultimate and permanent favor with the public. It may — and if we would be just, it must — be said, that this comedy is one of the best, perhaps the very best, that has been produced on the French stage since the days of Moliere.

Meantime Beaumarchais was not unmindful of his pecuniary interests. The United States of America, then maintaining the war of independence against England, needed arms and military supplies. Beaumarchais contracted to furnish them with a large quantity of muskets; and as the speculation proved to be a profitable one, it considerably augmented his wealth. But these engagements did not so exclusively engage his attention as to withdraw him from literary pursuits. He employed his leisure time in writing a new comedy, called the "*Marriage of Figaro*," and which was designed as a continuation of the Barber of Seville. The managers of the public theatres refused for a long time to permit the representation of this play, on account of the severe satire against the Government and the Court with which it was replete. Finally, however, the Court itself instructed the managers to cause it to be "got up" with suitable decorations, and it was accordingly put in rehearsal and produced in 1784. Its abundant action, its attractive complexity, its bizarre truth, its urbane politeness, its

predominant boldness and genial humor, its pervading wit and arch drollery—in short, the entire spirit and structure of the play—even its occasional breaches of decorum, conspired to win for it the most unbounded and unprecedented applause. It was performed not less than two hundred nights in succession; richly remunerating not only the managers and the regular players, but leaving a handsome surplus for the benefit of indigent wet-nurses, to whom the author relinquished his share of the profits. Mozart subsequently used the materials furnished by this play in the construction of an opera, which is certainly to be regarded as one of his happiest and most successful efforts, undoubtedly destined to enjoy enduring popularity.

Such unprecedented success was calculated to arouse anew the slumbering ire of his enemies. Envy concealed her distorted features behind the critic's austere visage, and employed the venal pens of Journalists to assail the distinguished dramatist. Among these assailants, the Abbe Aubert was very prominent; nor did Beaumarchais hesitate to take up the glove, in great disdain though with imprudent courage, even when thrown down by anonymous scribblers. His replies were keen, caustic, and penetrating; but though directed exclusively at the hireling crew, it so happened that they gave grievous offence to many eminent and influential persons. Envy and revenge now obtained freer scope and ampler license, until at length a legal prosecution was instituted, and he was cast into prison—a proceeding which served only to elevate him the higher in public estimation.

After escaping from these persecutions and annoyances, he produced, in 1787, on the theatre of the Royal Academy of Music, the opera of "*Tarare*," founded on an oriental tale. Though faulty in conception and defective in execution, it was yet favorably received—a result attributable chiefly, perhaps, to the excellence and originality of the accompanying music, which was composed by Salieres. The piece has, however, not maintained its place in the good opinion of the public, as an abortive attempt made a few years since, to re-introduce it, abundantly proved.

Towards the close of the same year, Beaumarchais became involved in the famous lawsuit with Madame Kornman. The Memoirs which he published on this occasion, though replete with humor, irony, and sarcasm, failed to produce the effect designed. In his replies to the deluded husband of Madame K., he abandoned his usual urbanity and good humor—a departure from good taste, good manners, and good policy, attributable very probably to the effects of an upbraiding conscience. Superadded to this, M. Kornman's counsel took up the affair seriously as a personal concern,

and availed himself in his rejoinder of all the aids furnished by rhetoric and ethics. Beaumarchais, certainly any thing but innocent, keenly felt the vigor and force of his assailant's weapons, and perceived, besides, indications not to be mistaken, that public opinion too was against him. The advocate, Bergasse, elated by the prospect of victory, imprudently advanced too far, and replied to insult by abuse and slander, whereby he exposed himself to the infliction of a legal fine. Beaumarchais, though acquitted, was not content. To revenge himself, he wrote and published in 1792, "*La Mère Coupable*," in which he introduced a meddling intrigant, named Bergeass — a palpable anagram of Bergasse — a species of Tartuffe, a creature whose employment it is to sneak into the privacy of families and engender strife, play the mediator, and then fish in the troubled waters. In other respects this play may be regarded as the conclusion of Figaro, and less an immoral than an ill-adapted production, unsuited even to the lax requirements of French taste. *La Mère Coupable* was his latest production in dramatic literature; but wholly failed to re-establish his fame.

That unhappy revolution, the consequences of which even yet distress and destroy the world, had now broken out. Beaumarchais was an elector and a member of the first commune of Paris. Prior to the 10th of August, the Government had commissioned him to procure sixty thousand muskets from Holland. The zeal with which he executed this commission well nigh caused his destruction, and he was fortunate indeed to escape with only the imposition of a heavy pecuniary fine. After the overthrow of the monarchy, the new ministry refused to recognize the validity of his contract, and he was charged with having intended to arm and equip the anti-revolutionary party. He was imprisoned in the Abbey, and would assuredly have fallen a victim on the bloody 2d of September, if the procurator Manuel had not contrived to procure his liberation. Manuel had been the frequent butt and subject of Beaumarchais's ridicule and sarcasm, yet proved to be his truest friend at his utmost need.

Deeply sensible of the noble character of such revenge, Beaumarchais fled to England, and, within three months thereafter, a formal decree of outlawry was issued against him. He now published his justification and defence, under the title of "*Mes six Époques*," in which he again manifested his superior talents and powers. After the 9th Thermidor, Year 2, he returned to France, and spent the declining years of his life in the company of his only daughter, in a house which he had himself erected in the days of his prosperity, at the end of the Boulevard St. Antoine. It was a delightful rural dwelling in the midst of the bustle of city life — a quiet and secure bark on the stormy ocean of human passion, which

he had taken delight, even in his palmy days of power and influence, to prepare and arrange for the accommodation of his decrepit old age.

In this Tusculum, accessible to but few of his numerous acquaintances, Beaumarchais resigned himself wholly to the enjoyment of domestic comfort and the pleasures of benevolence; and closed his long, active, and toilsome career, in the night of the 18th of May, 1799, in consequence of an apoplectic attack.

His commercial and literary engagements never prevented him from taking an active part in the politics of the day, in which connexion he invariably displayed tact, circumspection, energy, and adroitness. Several successive ministers, and among them Messrs. Maurepas and Vergennes, availed themselves of his talents in various diplomatic missions, and he always acquitted himself with great credit. He employed his wealth, in his more prosperous days, in promoting charitable, benevolent, and laudable undertakings—a merit which, as is usual in such cases, was appreciated only after his death. A large portion of his income was devoted to fostering and advancing literature, science, and the arts, in his native country. He paid liberal prices for all the inedited manuscripts of Voltaire, and published the first complete edition of the productions of that author. The edition appeared at Kehl, and consisted of seventy volumes. The typographical execution was far from corresponding with its immense cost, but it still continues to be much esteemed and sought after. To insure the success of this gigantic undertaking, he erected a paper mill and established a printing office; but lost, as is alleged, a million of livres by the enterprise. He also published an edition of the works of Rousseau, and of other distinguished French writers.

Beaumarchais was sociable as a companion, animated and spirited in conversation, amiable in his intercourse, and zealous in friendship. He was, indeed, especially in his latter years, somewhat irritable; but not prone to attack others. Persevering in maintaining his controversies, he was yet ever disposed to reconciliation. He could witness, with perfect composure, the successes of his enemies, who were never few in number; for the moiety of his talents and wealth had been sufficient to excite envy. His motto was—"the number of a man's enemies are the evidences of his worth." The decided superiority of his mind, the splendor of his fame, and the abundance of his resources, at once excited the opposition of his adversaries, and vanquished them. His personal appearance was prepossessing and engaging; and he was consequently a decided favorite with the ladies, though by no means a Don Juan or a Faublas. It must be acknowledged, however, that his conduct to-

wards Madame Kornman has fixed an uneffaceable stain on his character. Quickness of apprehension, and a prompt and withering wit, were the distinguishing traits of his mind. A young nobleman, envious of the distinction to which Beaumarchais had attained, once undertook to wound his vanity and pride by an allusion to his humble origin—handing him his watch, and saying—“Examine it, M. Caron, it does not keep time well; pray ascertain the cause.” Beaumarchais extended his hand awkwardly, as if to receive the watch, but contrived to let it fall on the pavement. “You see, my good sir,” replied he then, “you have applied to the wrong person; my father always declared that I was too awkward to be a watch-maker!” The following anecdote, which is related of him on good authority, is also characteristic. He caused to be inscribed on the collar of his favorite pointer—“My name is Florette; Beaumarchais belongs to me!” An idea happy alike in conception and expression.

His works were collected and published in 1810, in seven volumes octavo, by his friend, Guden de la Brunellerie, who prefaced the edition with an apology for his life.

TO E. B.

YEARS, years have passed,
My sweetest, since I heard thy voice's tone,
Saying thou would'st be mine and mine alone;
Dark years have cast
Their shadows on me, and my brow no more
Smiles with the happy light that once it wore.

My heart is sere,
As a leaf tossed upon the autumnal gale;
The early rose-hues of my life are pale,
Its garden drear,
Its bower deserted; for my singing bird
Among its dim retreats no more is heard.

Oh, trust them not—
Who say that I have long forgotten thee,
Or even now thou art not dear to me!
Though far my lot
From thine, and though Time's onward rolling tide
May never bear me, dearest, to thy side.

I would forget!
 Alas! I strive in vain — in dreams, in dreams,
 The radiance of thy glance upon me beams:—
 No star has met
 My gaze for years whose beauty doth not shine,
 Whose look of speechless love is not like thine!

The Evening air —
 Soft witness of the flow'ret's fragrant death—
 Strays not so sweetly to me as thy breath;
 The moonlight fair
 On snowy waste sleeps not with sweeter ray,
 Than thy clear memory on my heart's decay.

I love thee still —
 And I shall love thee ever, and above
 All earthly object with undying love.
 The mountain rill
 Seeks, with no surer flow, the far, bright sea,
 Than my unchanged affection turns to thee!

HERMION.

 ON THE DEATH OF JAMES MADISON.

How shall we mourn the glorious dead?
 What trophy rear above his grave —
 For whom a nation's tears are shed,
 A nation's funeral banners wave!

Let Eloquence his deeds proclaim
 From sea-beat strand to mountain goal;
 Let Hist'ry write his peaceful name
 High on her truth-illuminated scroll.

Let Poetry and Art through Earth,
 The page inspire, the canvass warm —
 In glowing words record his worth,
 In living marble mould his form.

A fame so bright will ever shine,
 A name so dear immortal be; —
 He laid upon his country's shrine
 The charter of her liberty.

Praise be to God! thy love bestowed
 The chief, the patriot, and the sage;
 Praise God! to thee our fathers owed
 This fair and goodly heritage.

The sacred gift Time cannot mar,
 But Wisdom guard what Valor won —
 While beams serene her guiding star,
 And Glory points to Madison.

P. B.

COMMENTS ON TRAVEL.

 NUMBER SIX.—MATHEMATICAL FEAR.

THERE are two general principles which are in a fair way to be established in this world, and to be added to the mass of wisdom which men possess and transmit to their descendants; one is, that human nature cannot be governed advantageously by coercion; and the other, that it cannot be convinced by words. Two ways of setting it in the right path remain: one is, to breed truth into its ideas so early, that it mixes itself with instinct, and becomes thenceforward independent of reason; and the other, to put it wisely through a course of experience, and let it find out for itself the things it ought to know. None but superior minds retain late in life their impressibility, or continue capable of impartial discussion and frank conviction; Interest and Prejudice are the only orators listened to, and sophistry is the language of both. If words could prove any thing, might they not prove that all the nations of Europe have made vast progress in the last 200 years, and that their increased instruction and liberty are the causes of it? Might we not refer to the horrors and abuses which have vanished from the face of the earth,—to the improved morality of the ruling classes,—to the diminished misery of the oppressed ones? Might we not quote the cessation of religious persecution, the abolition of the slave-trade, the diminished frequency of war? And yet there are people found who decry the principles that have effected all this, and sigh for the return of despotism, and, necessarily, of its attendant evils. When a noble from some as yet half, or not half, civilized nation talks thus, one understands why, and pities and pardons him; but when an American does it, there is an inexpressible indignation and contempt which must mingle with the sentence, however modified, which we pass on such egregious nonsense. The time has come when the plain principles of common sense must be applied to matters of state as well as to those of private life; and the pretensions which theory and practice unite in condemning, must fall. This is not an argument; it is a mere note of what is passing; and the idea may be carried further, and the prediction hazarded, that in another age the application of every-day rules of moral fitness to the actions of rulers will be plainer and more direct—much more

so than it is now. It will even be retrospective, depriving of fame and stamping with infamy some names now looked upon as great, and perhaps elevating in their stead, or far above them, some that are now neglected. It will establish then, in the general sense, what we now prove easily in words, that war is a wholesale murder wherever it is other than defensive ; that invaders are pirates ; and a lying or swindling king as mean a rogue as a felon. We dally with words too much on such subjects : we are too cautious of giving offence, and too anxious to fulfil the command to make ourselves friends of the children of unrighteousness. Creatures of habit, and long accustomed to political crimes and meanness, men have learned to give governments an exemption from the laws of conscience ; but this indulgence they are now learning to reconsider, and they will certainly finish by revoking it. Dishonesty, immorality, and baseness, though standing in high places, will be stigmatized as dishonest, immoral, and base ; and the stigma will and should attach to the individuals consenting to the evils in question, as it attaches to accomplices in crime in private life.

Nearly all the governments in the European world, and many, it is sad to add, of our own free states, are in the habit of ministering to the worst passions of their people, and keeping open the most copious sources of sin and misery, by licensing gambling, and even practising it themselves in that swindling and catch-penny form, a lottery. As to what passes here in our own country, it is generally known and understood among us ; and as I can shed no light on it, I pass it over, without yielding to the sickening impulse of disgust and indignation which prompts me to pause and execrate in due form all who help to perpetuate the accursed thing,—a thing for which there is so little need, excuse, or temptation, and which is so full of atrocious consequence. Our system, where it still exists, is the same as formerly existed in England,—a limited lottery with fixed prizes, and consequently fixed prices for tickets, which in general made it necessary to pay three quarters of a dollar at least for the smallest saleable share. This is better, somewhat, than the European mode, which allows any sum, however small, to be staked, and if you win, pays you a prize in proportion, according to a fixed tariff, adjusted, as the whole thing is, most dishonestly, to take advantage of ignorance and infatuation. There are five numbers drawn out of ninety from time to time, at intervals which are of course regularly announced ; and you may go any time before the *clôture*, as it is called,—that is, the declaration of the five numbers drawn,—and deposit in any lottery-office any sum you please on such numbers as you may select. If you put a franc on No. 1, for instance, and No. 1 comes out as one of the five, you are paid four-

teen francs as your prize, the chances, however, against you being eighteen to one, you ought, in fair play, to have eighteen francs. If you choose to bet also that No. 1 will be the first number drawn of the five, and it proves so, you get sixty-seven times your bet; but then, if it happens to be second, or any thing but first, you get nothing; consequently you have but one chance in ninety to win, and you ought to win ninety francs. If you bet on two numbers, and both come out, you are paid 240 francs for one, whereas you ought to be paid 400. If you hit three numbers out of the five, you win 4,800 for one; but the chances are more than 11,000, so that this is a worse game to play than any of the others; and for four and five numbers the difference against you is so enormous, that even gamblers perceive it, and do not play for them. On three numbers the lottery pays less than half what it should; but on four it only pays an eighth, and even this eighth, so great are the chances against four numbers, amounts to 66,000 for one; and against five, the total chances are more than 40,000,000 to one. The amount seems amazing, and yet the calculation is very simple. If you are to name one number, and there are five to be drawn out of ninety, it is clear that you have one chance in eighteen of hitting one of them, as five times eighteen is ninety. If you name two, and one of them is drawn, the other has only four chances in eighty-nine remaining, or one in twenty-two, nearly. You have, then, an eighteenth chance of one, and a twenty-second chance of another after it; that is, you have $\frac{1}{18}$ of $\frac{1}{22}$ of a probability of two, or, more exactly, $\frac{1}{18}$ of $\frac{4}{89}$, which is $\frac{1}{400}$, as near as may be. For three you have—first $\frac{1}{18}$, then $\frac{4}{89}$, then $\frac{3}{88}$, which is $\frac{1}{11748}$. For four, in like manner, you have $\frac{1}{18}$ of $\frac{4}{89}$ of $\frac{3}{88}$ of $\frac{2}{87}$, or $\frac{1}{511088}$. And for five, this last fraction must have its denominator multiplied by eighty-six.

The principles of the doctrine of chances are few and plain; and although, in certain investigations of their effects, very complicated calculations may be entered on, which none but a profound mathematician can follow, yet for every-day life enough may easily be taught and learned to exercise a most salutary influence on minds having any tendency to gambling, by convincing them fully of one result, which may be proved mathematically, which is, that whoever gambles fairly, loses. By gambling fairly, I mean playing with equal skill and no deception, and with the intent and ability to pay one's losses; and I say the man who does this, will infallibly be a loser in the long run, because what he wins will not always be paid him, and he will always pay what he loses. This difference would be all his loss, if he could always play on the conditions above prescribed; but he cannot, and all the chances of encountering dis-

honest adversaries are to be added to this, as well as the greater probability of his playing against his superiors in skill than his inferiors, as the former must be expected to play more willingly than the latter. This applies to gambling in society among friends, which is a gravitation of money from those who have it to those who have none; let any man who knows, say if it is not so. All this is very bad, and its effects in the long run are very disastrous; but they are joy and prosperity compared to those which result from gambling against the public in any of the shapes in which that scourge has been introduced, whether it be as our own lotteries, with 15 per cent. against the ticket-holder, or, as those cut-throat things I have spoken of above, or the regular hell, undisguised and known by its name, as you find it in London and Paris. For those who enter there, there is no hope, there is such a mathematical certainty of loss, that a man who once understands it would find as much amusement in pitching dollars into the sea as in risking them at Pharaon or Rouge et Noir, all the doubt which should make the excitement and interest is destroyed.

The more we study the works of Nature and the phenomena of the world which surrounds us, the more certainty we acquire that nothing happens here by mere chance, that there is no event without a design and a cause. We are accustomed to consider chance as the happening of something without a cause, but we are wrong; the definition of the word is, the happening of something without an assignable cause, assignable, that is, by us. For the mathematical doctrine of chances is founded on the idea that there exists a cause for every thing, and its reasoning proceeds from the observation of any thing that happens, to the idea that there is a reason why that thing should happen, and to the inference that it will happen again. And if it does happen again, you infer, with still more assurance, that it will happen a third time, and so on, your confidence increases with each repetition of fulfilment, till in certain cases, after many repetitions, your expression amounts nearly to certainty. This takes place in cases where you know no other fact connected with the phenomenon in question, but the simple one that it has happened and has been regularly repeated; but if you do know other facts and reasons confirmatory of your expectation, if you can see causes at work which are calculated to produce the given effect, then this theoretical knowledge that the fact ought to happen may strengthen your inference from observation that it has happened, and make your confidence that it will be repeated, amount to absolute certainty. Laplace (*Essai sur les Probabilités*,) exemplifies this by referring to the rising of the sun, which we know has continued uninterrupted for 5000 years, which

may be taken as 1,826,214 days. Now the probability, growing out of this fact simply, that the sun will rise to-morrow, is exactly 1,826,214 to 1; and such, consequently, are the odds to be given by a better, who knows nothing about the subject further than that the sun has regularly risen for 5000 years every day. But a sage or an astronomer can afford to bet more, he knows that there are tendencies at work in nature, whose necessary effect is to bring about the rising of the sun to-morrow, and he has an additional confidence that the order of the universe will not be interrupted, proportionate to his knowledge of what it is. But we are treating of gambling, not astronomy; and a parallel case to this, where one gambler should possess knowledge which the other had not, of the probabilities in question, would be unfair, though in fact probably, in three cases out of four something of the kind exists. But the doctrine of chances has nothing to do with known causes, all their effect must be added to the inferences it deduces, and where we know sufficient causes without any such inferences, we accordingly pay no attention to the latter at all. This would be a case of pure reasoning; but, on the other hand, a case of pure chance is one where we do not understand any of the causes which produce an event, but infer that causes exist, and that it will happen again because it has happened; and this with more or less confidence in exact proportion to the number of times it has happened. But in certain cases when reason has done its utmost, and arrived at its results after a long series of calculations and observations, the doctrine of chances has been resorted to to correct its errors; and, as Laplace asserts, with admirable success. The cases he cites, require one almost to be a Laplace to comprehend them; we must therefore be content to take his word for it, that curious and delicate points of mathematical investigation and astronomical observation, have been brought nearer exactness, and made more practically useful, by allowing for the chances of error estimated by the regular rules. The ingenuity of gamblers has been a good deal exercised to find out games in which no skill or foresight should be possible, and which should yet possess complication enough to be interesting; and it is astonishing how few they have arrived at. I shall give an account of the manner of playing Rouge et Noir, which seems to be the most approved invention, and the remarks I have to make on it will apply equally well to Roulette, Hazard, Pharaon, Monte, and all other games of pure chance, the varieties are of no importance to the principle. It is necessary to premise a few words about chance, or the order of events which have no assignable causes, and the whole science which treats of these may be resolved into one or two very plain principles, which it is only neces-

sary once to know and comprehend, and then a well-organized mind will deduce all the rest from them as matters of course. One of these has been already touched upon; it teaches that the probability of a combination of two or more events occurring, is to be calculated by multiplying together the fractions which represent the separate probabilities of each; as, for instance, with a single die, the probability of throwing an ace is $\frac{1}{6}$, but the probability of throwing an ace with another die being also $\frac{1}{6}$, that of throwing aces with the pair, (or any throw to be named before-hand,) is $\frac{1}{36}$; the result of multiplying $\frac{1}{6}$ by $\frac{1}{6}$. But the great thing which it is most essential to know is, that this result, which we call chance and take to be irregular, is in fact regular and certain; and that although we cannot know at any given throw of the dice that aces will fall, yet we do know that they average just once in thirty-six times, and so do deuces and trays, and each of the thirty-six possible combinations. You may throw a hundred times, perhaps, or a thousand, and never throw aces; but in some other hundred or thousand throws the deficiency will be made up, and the greater the number of throws the more nearly exact will be the thirty-sixth share of each of the thirty-six combinations. Sometimes, of course, you will throw aces twice in succession, sometimes thrice, or four, five, or more times, each increased series being rarer; and these cases also will occur in their just proportion, the probability of each throw being $\frac{1}{36}$, and of each series, say of six throws to be named before-hand, as a fraction, of which the numerator is one, and the denominator the sixth power of 36. It is, perhaps, worth while to add, that a person undertaking to name before-hand six throws of two dice, has one chance in 78,364,164,096, of guessing right,—such is the amazing variety of possible combinations. Aces six times in succession happen just as often as any other given succession, regular or irregular, and if one had an eternity to throw dice in, successions of aces a hundred times, and aces a thousand times, and aces a million times must occur just as often as any other *given* series of a hundred, a thousand, or a million throws. One difficulty in apprehending this, arises from that peculiarity of our minds by means of which we take up so much clearer ideas of regular than of irregular successions, we class the former all together, and say they occur rarely; and so they do, and so by the calculation I have just given, they needs must; and then as we see the irregular successions occurring constantly, we forget how many there are of them, and we do not note them to see whether any one of them occurs twice, but we conclude somewhat hastily that nature favors irregularity, and produces it in these matters more easily than the contrary. In six throws of the dice, about two hundred

series may be imagined regular enough to be remarked and retained in the mind, as doublets every time, six varieties, size ace every time, size deuce every time, and so on, thirty-six varieties; and their alternations, as size ace and then aces, and size ace and aces again, and so on. Allow a thousand, and deduct that from the sixth power of thirty-six, and the remainder will be sufficient to account for the regularity being of somewhat rare occurrence. But although in the distribution of these vast numbers there exists no regularity comprehensible by us, there does exist an uniformity of results, there does exist somewhere a cause, mysterious indeed as light or vegetation, but no less real, which causes every side of a die to come uppermost with its just average frequency, nearly in a hundred throws, more nearly in a thousand, and still more nearly in a million. And when successions of the same throw occur, causing a disturbance of this just proportion in any given hundred, thousand, million, or billion of throws, this same mysterious influence in that rare case apportions that difference in just corresponding series in other similar quantities, and Nature's rule remains inviolate. That such successions and counteractions must occur in infinity, is certain; but that mortal dice-players need not concern themselves about them, will result pretty evidently from carrying a little further the calculation I have made of the chances of throwing aces six times running. Multiply that result for seven, eight, or ten times by 36 once, twice, or four times more, and you will get an ocean of figures where hope and fear may drown themselves together.

Chances like these are too remote and abstruse for gamblers to calculate. Your true gambler, indeed, calculates very little; he invents systems very often, but he never investigates their principle properly, for if he did he would always renounce them. He prefers, however, a game simplified down almost to the level of his understanding, and when he plays with dice this is effected by taking no account of the combinations, but summing up the amount of the throw with two dice, two sixes or twelve being the most you can throw, of course, and two aces or two, the least. I speak now of Hazard, the only gambling game I have seen played with dice; and it might be played just as well with one die having eleven sides, marked from two to twelve, as with two dice. I have forgotten its rules, but they are of no consequence here; the game is not a favorite one, and I proceed to speak of those which offer no parade of combination at all, but turn in various ways on simple alternations, odd or even, head or tail, red or black. Rouge et Noir may represent all these; it is played at Frascati in Paris, and at all the gaming-houses I believe on the Continent; and though Roulette and Hazard are usually going on

at the same places, the Rouge et Noir, from the greatest simplicity of its chances, is the favourite. You enter at Frascati a handsome anti-chamber first, where servants in livery attend to take charge of your hat and cane, and to usher you into a richly furnished room, where you find a roulette table, and usually three or four persons playing at it. You pass into another apartment, where a crowd is gathered around a long table covered with green cloth, marked into several divisions, at the middle of which sits a man with a great quantity of cards in his hand, and money in bank notes and piles of gold and silver before him. You see the people put money on the table in its different divisions, here to bet on the red, or there on the black ; and these divisions extend so far on the table as to be within every man's reach who sits or stands at it. If you put your money in one place, you bet it on the red ; in another, on the black ; in another you bet that the last card that comes out will be of the winning color ; in a fourth, the contrary. When the money is down, the dealer begins. He counts out cards till the sum amounts to thirty-one or more, first for the black, laying them down in sight of all the company on the table, and counting faced cards and tens as tens, and the other cards nine, eight, &c. according to their spots. Arriving at or beyond thirty-one, he stops, and counts again for the red, and stops in like manner when the number reaches or exceeds thirty-one, and the color which has the lowest number wins. That is, supposing four tens to come out successively for the red, that of course makes that color forty ; and if three tens and a nine, or any thing less than forty, come out for the black, the black wins. If you have put money down on the black, a man who sits opposite the dealer throws you as much more, raking up, with a little wooden thing called a *rateau*, whatever has been bet on the red. It will be easily seen that the color of the cards is of no consequence thus far, but if the red wins, and the last card is a red one, then those who have bet on the color win also ; and so they do if the black wins and the last card is a black one. These results are announced by the dealer in a monotonous voice, which is the only sound that breaks the stillness ; nobody feels inclined to talk ; you hear nothing but the fall of the money on the table, and the perpetual reiteration — *Rouge gagne et la couleur, Rouge perd couleur gagne, Rouge gagne couleur perd, Rouge perd et la couleur*. — That is : Red wins, and so does the color. Red loses, color wins. Red wins, color loses. Red loses, and so does the color. These, I believe, are all the varieties possible, except the *après* and the null deals. These last are when the cards are exhausted in the dealer's hand, or when there is a tie at any thing but thirty-one ; in these cases the money lies, or the player, if he chooses, may withdraw it, and a new deal

takes place. But the *après* or tie at thirty-one is a perquisite of the bank; when this occurs, all the money on the red is raked up into a little red diamond, which distinguishes that division, and all on the black into another diamond, and a new deal takes place; upon which money may be played in the usual way by those who are so disposed, but that in the diamonds abides the result, and is restored to its owners if their color wins, but nothing more is paid them, and from the color that loses the banker takes the money. Probably I have not possessed myself of the whole explanation of the *après*, for its advantage to the bank is estimated at one and a half per cent., and I cannot make it out so much by my statement; however, this is the form of the thing, and the details are not material. The players, who sit round the table, are regularly supplied with blank cards of a convenient size, and very many of them are seen noting, by making pin holes in their cards, the successions of red or black hits, in the futile hope of inferring what is to come from observation of the past. How much the bank fears from this sort of calculation may be guessed from its obsequiousness in providing instruments for it, a bitter mockery and insult to their infatuated victims, whose systems are deluding them on to their ruin. The chances which these wretches are trying to divine are as simple as multiplication and as certain as fate, and the blunder they make in thinking they can calculate them, is as plain and palpable as daylight makes any thing. They mistake the chances of the last half of a combination, after the first half has happened, for half the chances of the whole, taken before-hand. For example, it is an even chance this hit that red or black may win, and it will be an even chance the hit after this that red or black may win. Therefore, if you bet that red or black may win twice in succession, the odds are three to one against you; but when it has won once, which is half the combination in question, half the odds or one and a half to one do not remain, it is now an even bet. And so in this plain case any of these men would consider it, and if the red had just passed once, he would not therefore bet a halfpenny odds on the black, and yet when the red has passed eight, ten, or twelve times in succession, they will all be eager to bet largely on the black, though the ninth, eleventh, or thirteenth time, is just as even a bet as if the previous hits had not happened. The simplicity of the calculation which applies to this is positively laughable; there are, it is true, very few runs on one color to the extent of twelve deals, but of those runs that do reach twelve, exactly one half go on to thirteen; of these again one half reach fourteen, and so on, an increase of infrequency sufficiently rapid, without supposing it to make unequal steps. Accordingly wherever you put into the game,

this principle meets you, the probability, before commencing, of two hits on the black, is one in four; of three, one in eight; of four, one in sixteen; and so on, doubling each time as above. A series of four on a given color, therefore, will only occur once in sixteen times; and it is a fair bet before any cards are dealt sixteen to one that there will not be a run of four on the black, or the same odds that there will not be a run of four on the red.

But when the run of three has actually taken place, all the improbability of four is taken away, and the chance for a fourth is exactly even, of course I take no account of the banker's *après*. A very slight analysis makes this obvious. Suppose you play for a succession of only two; you put your money on the black, and determine if you win to let it abide a second deal. Now there are four variations possible in two deals, viz., 1. red and then black; 2. red twice; 3. black and then red; 4. black twice. In the first and second cases you lose your money on the first deal, in the third case you lose it on the second deal, and in the fourth you win it, doubled twice on the second deal, which is your one chance out of four, and you get four for one. On three deals there are eight varieties, seven of which are against you, and which may be analyzed and exhibited in the same manner; and whether you play for a succession or alternation, whatever art you may think you use, still you can appropriate to yourself only one of these eight variations, and all the rest are against you.

Some persons have systems of winning money at Rouge et Noir by doubling their bets when they lose, according to certain rules, as after losing a five franc piece on the black, put two down on the same, or on the red, it matters not; and if you lose again, put down four, and then eight, and so on. If you could go on for ever so, of course you would eventually win; but when you do win, you only gain five francs; and if you stop short in a high series, your loss is very great. The bank stops you at twelve thousand francs, you cannot play more at once. If your rule is to double up to ten times, beginning with five francs, you will always win five francs and no more, when there is not a run up to ten. But when there is, you lose 5115 francs, which will be found by rule exactly to balance your gains; leaving, as before, the *après* out of view, the chance of such a run being one in 1024.

But there is one other principle in ambush for the gambler, the knowledge of which, would he only admit it, would curdle his blood and paralyze his hand, and hold him back from the bottomless pit. It is the certainty, the positive mathematically demonstrated certainty, that if you play with a limited capital an even game against an unlimited one, your limited capital will first or last be swallowed

up. This is no paradox difficult of proof or comprehension, it is perfectly simple and clear. The chances of an even game oscillate on both sides of equality, and if you and I play an even game with both of us unlimited capitals, and play for ever, all conceivable states of the game must be presented. There will be states when you will have won any given sum from me, and when I shall have won any given sum from you, the chances of any such given event can be computed, and in infinity they must arrive. Now, instead of my capital being unlimited, let any given sum, how great soever, be its amount, some time or other you must have won that sum from me, and the name necessarily stops. If I have a hundred dollars and you a million, it is easy to see that in the long run of the variations of an even game, your million will swallow my hundred up; the chances are as the capitals: i. e. 10,000 to one in this case, supposing the compact to be that we are to play till one of us is ruined. This compact, unhappily for the gambler, usually exists when he is once entrapped, though he does not know it; no warnings are sufficient to wake him from his fatal dreams, first of winning money, and then of recovering what he has lost. His doom is sealed, and every step is downward; his life is a short agony, which passes between the convulsions of an idiot hope and the leaden horrors of mathematical fear.

The power which erring men call chance, when it comes to be considered narrowly, is appalling in the inscrutableness of its laws and the exactness of their effect. All seems at the outset casual and irregular, but as we investigate and record phenomena, every point we study discloses symmetry and certainty. Look at the bills of mortality, the tables of the Life Insurance Companies, look at losses by sea or by fire, look at the averages of any thing whose statistics are known, and the sure result is every where repeated. Look at the statistics of crime, as they appear in Guerry, (one of the two or three books, by the way, from which Mr. Henry Bulwer made his shallow work on France,) and you will find that the doings of the assassin are as punctual as those of the sexton; that each district has its annual quota of murders, robberies, and fraud, a hundred this year, ninety-nine next, then a hundred and one perhaps, and ninety-nine again. And there will be twenty-four in winter and twenty-five in spring and autumn, and twenty-six in summer; with such justness of repetition, that when a variation does take place you suspect it is the record that is wrong. And you ask yourself with an involuntary shudder, whether it might not be, if peradventure one murder were wanting in your district to make up the hundred, that this power which you conceive so vaguely and strangely, would set your hands at work to commit it.

And when we have seen and weighed all this as far as we can know it, and when we have certified ourselves that regularity is the law of nature in all things as far as we can follow her, ought we not to conclude that the same law is carried through, and that no grain of sand subsides by another undirected, nor out of correspondence with some mighty eternal system? Is it not probable, to recur to the example of the dice, that the succession of the throws, in which we trace no order, is yet orderly and according to a plan; that these combinations follow those because they ought to follow them, and no others could; and that we only deem them capricious because we only apprehend an infinitely small portion of the whole. These are things we can imagine, but in this world we can never know them; yet more perhaps than we yet know can be discovered, even here. We make our experiments with imperfect instruments and vacillating hands; and the order of the dice that takes place in this manner is doubtless different from that which would occur were the dice infallibly exact, and exactly and uniformly thrown. To get rid of this derangement an invention would be necessary, a machine which should pick up the dice always in the same manner, and throw them so truly that they would always fall in the same places. A steam engine would be better employed playing at dice than scattering red-hot shot; and a record of some millions of its throws would perhaps shed some light on their natural principle of succession.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

'Tis said that marriage is a lottery —
 And if the simile be true as wise,
 My friend, how happy must that lover be
 Who, ere the drawing, knows he'll win a prize!

A prize indeed! richer than Ophir's gold;
 A virtuous woman of more real worth
 Than riches — or th' hidden wealth untold
 In Ocean's caverns or deep mines of Earth.

Oh, guard the treasure with a miser's care,
 And lock it safely in your inmost heart;
 Then will it keep its present lustre fair,
 And of your very soul become a part.

Like vine and tree, may you together grow,
 Close intertwined — unheeded of the blast,
 While your affections unestranged shall glow,
 And Truth, and Faith, and Constancy shall last!

P. B.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New-Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich, Boston. Published by Charles Bowen.

THE Token for the coming year is very creditable to the publisher, and, in many respects, creditable to the editor. It is printed on firm, clear paper, with very beautiful type; indeed, the dress of the volume is altogether in good taste. The engravings are well chosen, though only one or two are very well executed. That of "Katrina Schuyler," by J. Andrews, from a painting by W. E. West, is perfectly charming. We have seen no picture with which we have been so entirely delighted, in any annual, either English or American. The figure of the Dutch girl is faultless—the expression of the face most sweet and winning. Her hands are folded before her, and over them falls a transparent apron of lace, which is exquisitely engraved. The foliage, the sky, the wall—every thing is excellent, and proves Mr. J. Andrews a first-rate artist. Mr. S. W. Cheney, whom we so highly commended last year for his "Pilot's Boy," has made wretched work with Mr. Allston's fine picture, "The Mother." It is stiff and bad throughout. The infant is worse than a child's drawing. Had we discovered the engraving in a printseller's shop, we should have taken it for an early, rude attempt of some novice. "The Lost Found" is by J. Cheney, from one of Leslie's admirable illustrations of Sterne. It is pretty well done. "The Whirlwind" is a less felicitous subject than any in the volume. E. Gallandet shows a wonderful degree of improvement upon his former attempts in the annuals. "I went to gather Flowers," from G. L. Brown, by V. Balch, is bad—dark, dingy, and conglomerated. "The Indian Toilette," by J. B. Neagle, from Chapman, has faults, but they are those of the painter. The figure has no foreshortening—it is a lump. The face is fat and ugly; and what was intended for a romantic Indian girl, has the appearance of a loutish Indian squaw. "Pleasant Thoughts" has neither the name of painter or engraver in the copy before us,—and a very wise omission it is! The print looks as if the artist had been ashamed of it, and had scratched it half out before it was rescued from the rubbish of his drawer, and made to do "for the Token." "The Wrecked Mariner" is a well-chosen subject, whose composition, however, reflects little credit upon T. Birch, who painted it. It is well engraved. "The Roman Aqueduct," from Thomas Cole, by James Smillie, is very beautiful. As a specimen of the art, it is not inferior to "Katrina Schuyler," and places Smillie with Andrews, at the head of their profession.

We shall not observe the order of the volume in commenting upon the literary pretensions of the work. The stories are, for the most part, written in a chaste and agreeable style; and are superior, as a whole, to those of any previous American Souvenir. They are as interesting as many others are stupid, which is very exalted praise. "Katrina Schuyler," by the author of "Norman Les-

lie," is very spirited. If Mr. Fay would respect his own abilities so much as to disdain an occasional imitation of writers to whom he is decidedly superior, he might win a much higher and more permanent reputation for himself. The author of "Sights from a Steeple," of "The Gentle Boy," and of "The Wedding Knell," we believe to be one and the same individual. The assertion may sound very bold, yet we hesitate not to call this author second to no man in this country, except Washington Irving. We refer simply to romance writing; and trust that no wise man of Gotham will talk of Dewey, and Channing, and Everett, and Verplanck. Yes, to us the style of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is more pleasing, more fascinating, than any one's, except their dear Geoffry Crayon! This mention of the real name of our author may be reprobated by him. His modesty is the best proof of his true excellence. How different does such a man appear to us from one who anxiously writes his name on every public post! We have read a sufficient number of his pieces to make the reputation of a dozen of our Yankee scribblers; and yet, how few have heard the name above written! He does not even cover himself with the same anonymous shield at all times; but liberally gives the praise which, concentrated on one, would be great, to several unknowns. If Mr. Hawthorne would but collect his various tales and essays into one volume, we can assure him that their success would be brilliant—certainly in England, perhaps in this country. His works would, probably, make twice as many volumes as Mr. Willis's! How extended a notoriety has the latter acquired on productions, whose quantity and quality are both far inferior to those of this voluntarily undistinguished man of genius!

"The Token" would be richly worth its price for "Monsieur du Miroir," "Sunday at Home," "The Man of Adamant," and "The Great Carbuncle," if every other piece were as flat as the editor's verses. "David Swan" is, if we mistake not, from the same graphic hand; and so is "Fancy's Show-Box;" we are sure of "The Prophetic Pictures." A little volume, containing these stories alone, would be a treasure. "The Great Carbuncle" is eminently good; and, like all the rest of our author's tales, both here and elsewhere, conveys an important moral.

"The Token" is further recommended by a tale from Miss Sedgwick, and one by Miss Leslie, about which we need not speak, as the authoresses' names are sufficient. We are happy to perceive that the Editor of "the Token" has this year followed the sagacious advice with which we gratuitously favored him in the "New England Magazine," viz.—that he should rest the claims of his work to public favor on the ground of its intrinsic merits, and not on the celebrity of contributors. We therefore stand in the interesting light of a kind monitor, and not of a reproachful critic. We are pleased; we therefore applaud. We commend the Editor for his good taste in the selection of his prose papers, and we can think of only one method by which he can do better than he has done;—this is, next year to employ Hawthorne to write the whole volume, and not to look at it himself till it be for sale by all booksellers in town and country.

The attempts at poetry, with the exception of Mr. Waterston's pieces, are failures. "The Claudian Aqueduct" has some merit. When will writers learn that rhymes are not poetry? Of the pieces in "the Token," we should much prefer them without the capital letters at the beginning of the lines; indeed, in one piece, entitled, "A Word at Parting," it is a relief to find them partly omitted. This is so rank an imitation of Thomas Haynes Bayley, that we think, on reading it, we have seen it before in the corners of a thousand newspapers. The most execrable piece of stuff in the book, except one anonymous set of verses—"The Whirlwind,"—is "The Two Shades," by S. G. Goodrich. The idea is,

that the inspired poet sees two individual shades, who are Napoleon and Byron, walking leisurely on the banks of Styx—

“ Along that gloomy river’s brim
Where Charon plies the ceaseless oar,
Two mighty shadows, dusk and dim,
Stood lingering on the dismal shore.”

We do not believe that two such restless geniuses would “linger” any where; “yet,” continues the narrator,

“ — ere they severed life’s last thrall,
Each spirit spoke one parting sigh.”

Now, we were always, before this, so ignorant as to suppose that the ancients never reached the Styx till “life’s last thrall” had been severed by those cross old spinsters, the three Miss Fates. Napoleon proceeds to speak his “one parting sigh,” which we will do our author the justice to say is not in the least degree imitative of the language usually attributed to the world’s subduer. Neither does “the sigh” of the Right Honourable George Gordon, Lord Noel Byron, at all approximate to the peculiar style of the noble bard’s verses. We should think, that if any thing could make his residence in the other world more uncomfortable than it now is, it would be the reflection that he could possibly be supposed to have uttered such a stanza as this, even in Hades—

“ He cannot chide, and though he feel,
While listening to the magic verse,
A serpent round his bosom steal,
Shall raptured hug the coiling curse.”

The reader will please to notice the introduction here of one of our author’s pets, the “wild beastesses.” We beg leave to suggest as a title-page for his next volume—“THE BOA CONSTRICTOR, A POEM, AND OCCASIONAL LIZARDS,* BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘THE OUTCAST.’”

Select Works of James Sheridan Knowles, consisting of his most popular Tales and Dramas, with an original Notice of his Life and Writings. Second Edition. Two Volumes in One. Boston. Edward R. Broaders.

MR. KNOWLES has not been very successful as an actor. His theatrical tour through this country was unattended by any of those brilliant triumphs which had been awarded to the Kembles and other distinguished players. This was not because our people did not sufficiently estimate the genius of the dramatic author, but because they rightly valued the degree of ability which he displayed upon the stage. We perceive, by an extract published from a letter of Mr. Knowles lately received by a friend in this country, that he has been equally unsuccessful on his recent pilgrimage to the provincial theatres in England, and that he meditates a resort to his old trade of teaching elocution in “warm-hearted Glasgow.” Would that his better judgment may induce him to carry the inten-

* Erroneously written, it is presumed, instead of “lyrics.”—Printer’s Devil.

tion into effect! Would that he could better understand his own powers than ever again to attempt, with awkward hand, to draw on the buskin or the sock.

The truth is, Sheridan Knowles has a wonderful genius for play-making, but as for play-acting, his friends should have been kind enough to dissuade him from such a hopeless attempt. When he first came out to this country, the theatre was filled, when he appeared, by a number, curious to behold the author of *Virginius*; but when the curiosity had been gratified, he played, night after night, to a most beggarly account of empty boxes. People were just to him, but he was unjust to himself. Who could endure the affliction of hearing him murder on the stage one of the most beautiful creations of his fancy? Though his reading was fine, his action was so bad, that, had we not known him as the author of the part he was representing, we should have thought that he totally misapprehended its meaning. His absurd self-estimation may be judged from an anecdote:—Through the exceeding kindness and more than gentlemanly hospitality of Mr. Manager Barry, he was allowed to play, for a dozen nights, to audiences so lean as not to pay the current expenses of the house. After the termination of his unsatisfactory engagement, Booth appeared in a favorite character. Knowles visited the theatre, and saw it crowded from pit to gallery with an enthusiastic multitude. He retired, chagrined and disgusted at the bad taste which could prefer Booth to himself; and, in a moment of heroic firmness, determined upon deserting for ever so indiscriminating a community.

Yet, in private life, no man can be more amiable, exemplary, and true, than Sheridan Knowles. He is unassuming and kind—generous to the last fault.

We have done some justice to the actor and to the man—it is needless to say much for the author; for, in his merit as such, the world fortunately agrees with us. His stories are spirited, interesting, full of incident and dramatic situations. They form a considerable portion of the volume before us, and were first made popular through the pages of the best magazines in London. His best plays make up the remainder of a convenient and neat book. We should be glad to see another volume, containing the other plays enumerated in Leigh Hunt's notice of his life; but we will permit the American editor to say here what he has well said in his preface, about those he has judiciously chosen for this collection.

"Though the dramas of James Sheridan Knowles may owe the chief measure of their present success to their admirable representation upon the stage by the distinguished performers whom we have mentioned,* yet their popularity, as long as good taste shall continue, will never decline. They will always be acted and admired; and, what is still better, they will always be read and admired. They will be read by those whom profession, prejudice, and conscientious scruples may deter from theatrical exhibitions, not only without hesitation, but with undissembled gratification. They will be placed by the most careful parents upon the shelves of their libraries without fear; for do they not breathe the loftiest sentiments of honor and virtue? How widely different are the moral beauties and chaste expressions of these dramas from the indecent allusions, silly *persiflage*, and disgusting *double entendre*, that shook the sensitive mind in '*Venice Preserved*,' and '*The Wonder*!' If antiquity be an excuse for the offensive vulgarities which are strangely permitted to disfigure many of our acted comedies, we are happy that Mr. Knowles has no need of the merit or excuse of antiquity. It may truly be said of the four dramas in this collection, that they smack of the rich old spirit, and speak the racy language of the Elizabethan age, without one contaminating particle to destroy their full relish.

"Whether we contemplate the robed dignity and stern fortitude of *Virginius*, as he stands in the Roman Forum, commanded, like the patriarch of old, to sacrifice his first-born and dearest by a voice as imperative to him as that of Deity—the voice of honor;—the splendid courage and lofty patriotism of *William Tell*, as, from the high throne of his native hills, he points his arrow at the tyrant's heart, and '*jeopard's life for father-land*;'—the deep disquiet and most

* Charles Kemble, Forrest, Charles Kean, Macready, Miss Kemble, and Miss Vincent.

hopeless sorrow of Julia, as, unchanged and loving still; but restrained ever by the power of saintly chastity, she tells her Clifford,

‘This moment leave me!’—

the surpassing tenderness, yet unshaken consistency, of Mariana, when, in the very presence of her unjust judge, she says,

‘I am a maid betrothed!’—

when we contemplate all these, we look upon the brightest models of virtue—and we depart from their contemplation with fresher and purer feelings; for the tears of sympathy and compassion, which they have caused us to shed, have fallen like dew upon the affections of the heart.”

*Philothea; a Romance: by Mrs. Child. One Volume. Otis, Broad-
ers, & Co., Boston.*

MRS. CHILD, already well and favorably known as the authoress of the “Housekeeper’s Manual,” and several other works of a like useful tendency, has established an entire new fame for herself in the production of this volume. It is one of the few attempts to paint classic manners in a way to make them at once interesting and life-like, that has ever succeeded; while, from the scenes chosen and the characters introduced, it is certainly the boldest attempt that has yet been made in this style of fiction. Lockhart laid the action of “Valerius” in a period of Roman history when the confusion of manners and customs incident to the decline of the empire left him a wide field in which to display his learning and ingenuity in giving *vraisemblance* to his story. Bulwer took the customs of a buried city and an extinct people when he seized upon a few characters whose names only had survived their existence, and made them speak and act as he listed in the streets of Pompeii. But Mrs. Child, in essaying to paint Athens in the time of Pericles, and filling up her canvass with figures which are among those most strongly drawn by history, has aimed at giving new vitality to associations which custom, where it has not made them trivial and pedantic, has lifted, as it were, beyond the reach of the romance writer, and hedged in with a blaze of glory to which Fancy can hope to add no new lustre: she has, in a word, attempted that which makes the schoolboy and the sage equally the arbiters of her success. That she has *fully* succeeded, we are not prepared to say; indeed, the utmost that a writer could hope in such an endeavor would be to give a sculpture-like distinctness and individuality to his characters, to which the warm hues of life should still be wanting; to animate the statues, but not to revive the men of classic story. It cannot be denied, however, that in more than one of her scenes a higher merit than this may be justly ascribed to the authoress of “Philothea.” She has painted an Athenian *interior* with singular happiness and effect. The scene during and subsequent to the banquet at Aspasia’s lodgings, where Plato, Alcibiades, and other distinguished men of the time are assembled, is the most finished thing of the kind that we can recall; and our want of room alone prevents us from here quoting it at length. For the rest, the style of the work is polished and elegant; and the tone throughout is of that lofty and refined character, which could only be imparted by one thoroughly imbued with the beauty and refinement of classic letters.

The Gift: a Christmas and New-Year's Present for 1837. Edited by Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

THERE are ten engravings in this Annual; among which that of "Uncle Toby and the Widow" is the only one which can lay claim to any particular merit. It is from a painting by Leslie. The presentation plate—"The Sisters," is not so fascinating as it was intended to be. The young ladies have dressed their hair in bad taste; and their expressions are not "enchantingly pleasing." The landscape in "Dorothea" is well executed; but was there ever a damsel with such length of limb? The distance from her rounded knee to her tapering toe is prodigious. The accompanying verses in illustration, are sometimes obscure, sometimes unintelligible:—

"Something of love dwells about thy form;
Its breathing influence, soft and warm."

* * * * *

"Wert thou a being of life and bloom,
Conceived in the span of a dungeon's gloom?"

What is the meaning of—

"Over the spirit a rapture flings,
Rich as the fragrance of seraph wings?"

"The Village Mill" is a soft and pleasant picture. "Charles West Thompson" makes better verses than any one else in "the Gift." An unequal hand is called in to illustrate "Time and Tide." Here are specimens of his versification:—

"He sits in patience, nor will rouse to see
How soon 'the face of things' can altered be."

"E'en the bright helps that gilded youth are gone,
And Hope's accessories leave us, changed and lone."

Was there ever a horse with such a head as that in "hawking?" Is it water or land on which gallop the distant steeds?

The stories in "the Gift" are unquestionably equal to those in most Souvenirs; to read them is a labor to which our nerves are unequal.

Among other poetical attempts, which are the weakest possible dilution of milk and water for intellectual infants, we observe one dose administered by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. This person seems to be the veritable modern Peter Pangloss, LL.D., A.S.S. We presume that he might be engaged on cheaper terms than was the erudite "tutorer" of Lord Duberly. His brain seems to be a literary spider: it spins its cobwebs everywhere with astonishing rapidity. Will no one within reach of the insect take a broom and sweep it away?

The Book of Pleasures. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle.

THIS little book comprises the three most delightful poems of Campbell, Rogers, and Akenside, viz. "The Pleasures of Hope," "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Imagination." It was published for the purpose of bringing these favorite productions into one volume. Its appearance is exceedingly neat, and its size not inappropriate to the small white hands of the fairer part of the creation. It is bound in morocco, has golden-edged leaves, and will be a much more tasteful present for a tender friend or a lover to bestow, during the coming season of gifts, than most of the silly Annuals or pictorial Souvenirs.

A Compendious History of Italy, translated from the original Italian, by Nathaniel Greene. New-York. Harper & Brothers.

A WORK like this has long been a desideratum, and we are glad to see so essential a literary want supplied by a faithful translation of the *Compendious History of Signore Sforzosi*. It appears to have been compiled, as the translator informs us, from the histories of Italy by Bossi and Botta. As no translations of these are said to be extant, we hope Mr. Greene may be induced at some future day to undertake the task, for we know of no one better capable of ably performing it.

The natural divisions of the work are into five epochs. The first is, *from the foundation of Rome to the battle of Actium*; the second, *from Octavius Augustus to Augustulus*,—the rise, decline, and fall of the Western Roman Empire; the third, *from the fall of the Western Roman Empire to the Pontificate of Gregory VII.*; the fourth, *from the Pontificate of Gregory VII. to that of Julius II.*; and the fifth, *from the Pontificate of Julius II. to the beginning of the year 1831.* Dates are given in the margin, to fix in the memory the period and order of the occurrence of every remarkable event.

The style is clear, though sometimes too much inverted for lucid English; and the language, though concise, fervid and impressive. It would be an excellent text-book for schools, and cannot but prove highly valuable to those who, having read both ancient and modern histories of Italy, desire to refresh their recollections, and to stamp consecutively in their minds the various occurrences of various eras,—from the first dawn of Roman greatness to the present fast-fading twilight of Romish supremacy.

Sheppard Lee.—Written by himself. 2 vols. Harpers.

THIS is one of the most original and ingenious works of fiction that has been produced in the United States. As a mere novel, it is exceedingly entertaining; as a satire, with much of broad caricature, it is still generally pointed and just; as a "morality," it is excellent. Sheppard Lee has now been two months before the public, and as most of our readers have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with his story, we shall not hesitate retailing some of the particulars of it for the benefit of those who have not met with the work. Our hero, when first introduced upon the scene, is a small farmer in New-Jersey; an indolent 'ne'er-do-weel,' discontented with his own situation, envious of every rich man that is thrown in his way, he undervalues the real comforts of his situation, and wastes his time in day-dreams of wealth and ease, which industry alone might enable him to realize. Like many a worthy in similar cases, he at last resolves to dig for buried treasure, and just as he begins to think that his hopes of becoming suddenly rich are about to be realized, he meets with an accident, which stretches him a corpse upon the scene of his new labors. The preternatural action of the story in this place is managed with more than German skill, and we regret that the book is not now before us to quote the passage wherein the author so adroitly shifts the soul of its hero from its ruined tenement into a new form. Poor Lee, wholly unconscious that he is a dead man, is about to move away from the scene of his disaster, when his spirit, to whose onward progress the thick undergrowth of the forest forms no obstacle, suddenly catches a glimpse of the stark effigy that was once his body, lying motionless upon the sod. Fleeing with horror from the spot, it encounters the corpse of a sporting squire, whose

horses and dogs made him the especial envy of poor Lee while living, and the wistful spirit cannot even now repress a desire to enter the still warm body. The wish is barely breathed before the dead and discontented yeoman finds his legs kicking against a fence over which the squire had broken his neck, and rising to his feet with some pain from the fall which the body had encountered before he became the occupant, Sheppard Lee picks up his gun, whistles his pointers to his side, and walks off in the well-clad body of the defunct squire. A whimsical account is now given of the conflicting associations of the two characters, which are thus partially blended; and more than one scene of ludicrous confusion takes place before the spirit of Lee is at home in its new tabernacle. But just as he is beginning to enjoy the various luxuries which are placed within his reach in his new form, he finds that there are other matters incident to it which makes his heritage any thing but agreeable. The much envied squire had been the slave of the gout, and the victim of a shrewish wife; and the tortured and disconsolate yeoman, after wishing in vain that he were poor, but healthy and independent Sheppard Lee again, determines that he would rather not live at all than live subject to the ills which the body of the squire was heir to. He is about to destroy himself by drowning, when the body of a gay and well-dressed dandy, who has met with the fate that the gouty and hen-pecked squire is courting, turns up before him, and the wish of Lee re-animates it with his own spirit in a moment. Youth, health, and the entree of fashionable society are now his, and he fancies that he is really about to enjoy life at last; but on going home to take possession of his lodgings, he finds his door beset by duns, his wardrobe at the pawnbrokers, and not a cent in his pocket to buy a dinner with. From the starving form of a poor dandy, our hero transmigrates into the decrepid frame of a rich miser, and then, after finding, when he has plenty to eat, that there is no appetite to enjoy it, he banishes himself from home to escape the ingratitude of his children; and sinking beneath the murderous club of a highwayman, he flatters himself that he has at last found the golden mean of life in the form of a substantial and respected quaker, whose spirit vacates the premises just in time for the soul of Lee to establish itself comfortably in new quarters. The quaker, however, with the kindest and best of hearts, was subject to a mental disorder which is the sworn foe of domestic repose. A zealous and misjudging philanthropy hurries him into scenes of turmoil, and he concludes his career by being *Lynched* in an abolition riot. Fortunately for our hero, a slave happens to die just at the moment when the quaker is in the act of perishing, and the subtle spirit slips eagerly into the black skin as the only refuge at hand. Sheppard Lee becomes a slave; and as he had already found the most envied conditions of life not free from care and pain, he now experiences that those which are most abhorred have still their pleasures. From this state he passes into that of slave-holder, which he finds not more agreeable than the last. He is the victim of ennui and dyspepsia. He roves the country in quest of exciting amusement, and happening to light upon an exhibition of mummies, he beholds, with mixed indignation and delight, the original body of Sheppard Lee paraded in a glass case. The dream of his early youth returns upon him, the recollection of his thirty acre farm and humble home, once so despised, but now in memory worth all the world beside, the health, security, and every comfort by which he was surrounded till discontent marred them all, appeal with overwhelming force to his heart, and impel him to embrace the form in which he had enjoyed the only real good he had ever known — he wishes only that he were once more poor plain Sheppard Lee. The wish is hardly breathed before a vigorous young Jerseyman leaps from the case of the mummy, while the invalid planter sinks a corpse upon the floor. The rest of the story is occu-

pied partly in settling the ploughman in his old home, and partly in a demi-metaphysical explanation of the whole as the dream of a lunatic.

The reader will readily see what a frame-work this plot affords for satire upon every prominent subject of public interest, as well as upon society generally. Those who may object that the caricature of manners is too broad to be life-like, will at least acknowledge the drollness and ingenuity with which the different sketches are introduced, and the impartiality which the author observes amid all his extravagance. They must admit, too, that the work is in the main a capital hit upon the times. Whoever the author may be, he is a bold and vigorous writer; and we acknowledge that it is long, very long, since we read an American novel that gave us half the pleasure we have derived from the perusal of Sheppard Lee. There is a dash of whim and originality in this work that would redeem whole chapters of absurdity; and while in his wildest sallies good feeling if not good taste has never been forgotten by the author, he has the rare merit of having produced a novel which is neither a Waverly novel nor a Pelham novel, but a work completely *sui generis*.

George Balcombe, a Novel. 2 Vols. Harpers.

WE did not receive this work until the last form of our present number was nearly ready for press; but after reading it through at a sitting, we were rejoiced to find that there was still room on this page to recommend a genuine American book to our readers. We have not the least idea who the author may be; but if this spirited tale be his first novel, he has certainly had no slight practice with his pen in other departments of literature. His style is vigorous and happy; his delineations of individual character strong and life-like; and his grouping skilful and effective. The story, though simple, is well-conceived to exhibit the hero in the different phases of life wherein the author wishes him to shine, and to keep up the interest of the narrative by striking contrasts of scenery and manners. As a painter of frontier life, the author of *George Balcombe* is one of the best that has appeared; and, amid some prosing, the many capital aphorisms scattered throughout his work, show that he has had ample opportunity to study human nature in more artificial spheres of society. The work is handsomely printed by the Harpers, though a few errors of the press have escaped the proof-reader.

The Three Eras of Woman's Life, by Mrs. E. E. Smith. Complete in one vol. Harpers.

The Diary of a Desennuyée.

WE have placed these two works together, because, though different in merit, they are not unlike in character, and describe scenes and manners common to both. The hacknied theme of English fashionable life is their staple, although some scenes of passion and feeling are interwoven with it, which give zest and variety to the details. "*The Three Eras of Woman*" indeed is no common novel, portraying woman, as it does, in the different spheres of maiden, wife, and mother; and painting her in each with delicacy, truth, and feeling; to which are added occasional touches of power, which prove the author's pencil to be as vigorous as it is graceful.

The Merchant's Clerk, and other Tales ; by the author of " Passages from the Diary of a Physician."

OUR readers are already familiar with the singularly *harrowing* power of this popular writer. The compilation before us contains nothing as striking as some of his previously published tales ; but it is less monotonously pathetic, and indicates greater versatility of talent than the former series.

WE are happy in having elicited from Mr. Dunlap the following disclaimer of intentionally reflecting upon the character of a gallant general officer of the Revolution in his novel of "The Water Drinker."—*Eds. Am. Mon.*

" *To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine, No. 55, Gold Street, New-York.*

" GENTLEMEN,—In your Magazine for August, 1836, you have charged me with having made an 'attack upon the memory of one of the most distinguished general officers of the Revolution.' It is called an unaccountable attack ; and well might it be so called, if any attack had been made.

" I presume that you will, in your next number, do me the justice to publish my disavowal both of the fact and the intention.

" The attack upon the memory of Lord Stirling, styled by you 'one of the most distinguished general officers of the Revolution,' is supposed to be conveyed by a colloquy between two characters in my novel called, 'Thirty Years Ago ; or, the Memoirs of a Water Drinker.' One of the speakers in this imaginary dialogue is George Frederick Cooke, as notorious for his disregard to truth as for his violation of decency, when under the influence of alcohol ; the other is a potato-digger, who accidentally comes in contact with the tragedian at the moment that he is claiming the honor of having put General Washington to flight at the battle of Brooklyn. You acknowledge that any attack upon an American's memory, put into Cooke's mouth, might be characteristic : but the potato-digging farmer of Kip's Bay, who describes himself as having been one of the routed runaways of that day, and who (like most men, especially the ignorant and vulgar) is willing to ascribe disgrace or misfortune to his superiors rather than to his own worthlessness, mentions his general, Lord Stirling, and exclaims, 'What had we to do with lords?'—and this exclamation is charged as an attack on his Lordship's memory. Here is 'the very head and front of my offending ;' and I beg leave to deny that it can (or was intended to) take any thing from the value of that 'property of the country' which you truly say is sacred, or ought so to be considered ;—*that property* which the country claims in the characters of those who achieved her independence.

" Give me leave to assure you, Gentlemen, that this disavowal of all intention to attack the memory of Lord Stirling is not made from any awe in which it might be supposed that so humble an individual as myself should stand of the hereditary dignity of the relatives of a peer of the realm of Great Britain ; for perhaps there is no creature breathing that holds in more contempt (it may be because he does not possess them) the factitious advantages of what is called noble birth, or of riches, or, above all, titular distinction. But, Messrs. Editors, I make this disavowal in my own defence, and in justice to the individual worth of such of the descendants of Lord Stirling as my circumstances have permitted me to have any knowledge of.

" I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

" WILLIAM DUNLAP.

" September 12, 1836."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THEATRICALS.—The different theatres of the metropolis commenced their autumn campaign with uncommon brilliancy this season; and although the disaster of the Bowery has for a time dispersed the numerous corps of that establishment, yet it is probable that the energy of Mr. Hamblin will soon revive it with more than its original splendor, while the Park and the National can nightly boast of the most brilliant attractions. In tragedy, Mr. Forrest, with a taste refined and elevated by foreign travel, has lately added to the number of his admirers among the judicious, without losing a jot of his general popularity: Miss Clifton has successfully displayed the talents, which, since her first appearance upon the Bowery boards, have had a fine opportunity of maturing before a less partial foreign audience; and Miss Phillips, touching, chaste, and admirable as her playing is, has drawn as full and enthusiastic houses as ever.

The Park, however, has outshone every thing in the way of novelty, and we are persuaded that the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley will hereafter form almost an era in our theatricals; for they have certainly introduced a new style of acting upon the American boards, a style which, we apprehend, is rather French than English, although the characters in which they excel are essentially English. Simplicity and truth are its characteristics. An apparent artlessness and unconsciousness of playing a part, which, when witnessed in one character, you can hardly believe is transferable to any other that they may represent, even within their peculiar range, which is by no means in the loftiest sphere of the drama. And yet Mrs. Keeley, who is more or less sustained by her husband in her best parts, is equally characteristic and true to the ideal person she represents in every piece in which she has yet appeared; while the effect produced upon the audience arises less from making any great points in her acting than from the completeness and consistency of the whole personation. We

cannot here enter into any criticism upon the various new pieces in which the Keeleys have delighted us; but we promise our theatre-going readers in other cities a rare treat when this well-matched little couple shall conclude their engagement in New-York.

RESOURCES OF EUROPEAN POWERS.—

Great Britain.—National debt, \$3,490,896,768. Yearly revenue, \$228,849,600. Population, (to say nothing of colonies,) 25,000,000. Army in peace, 90,519 men; in war, 378,370. Navy in peace, 610 ships; in war, 1,056.

Russia.—National debt, \$200,000,000. Yearly revenue, \$52,000,000. Population, (Europe and Asia,) 46,000,000. Army in peace, 600,000 men; in war, 1,100,000. Navy, about 140 ships, and fast increasing.

France.—National debt, \$480,000,000. Yearly revenue, \$157,760,000. Population, 34,000,000. Army in peace, 281,000 men; in war, 320,000. Navy in peace, 329 ships; in war, 354.

Austria.—National debt, \$200,000,000. Yearly revenue, \$52,000,000. Population, 34,500,000. Army in peace, 271,404 men; in war, 750,504. Navy, 72 ships.

Prussia.—National debt, \$114,840,440. Yearly revenue, \$30,477,600. Population, 15,000,000. Army in peace, 165,000 men; in war, 524,428. Ships, under 20.

Turkey.—National debt, \$36,000,000. Yearly revenue, \$11,200,000. Population, (Europe and Asia,) 21,000,000. Army in peace, 80,000 men; in war, 200,000. Navy in peace, 80 ships; in war, 160.

DRY GOODS, COTTONS, &c.—The principal manufacturing countries of Europe are England, France, Belgium, Netherlands, and Prussia. The Comprehensive Atlas furnishes the following interesting items in relation to the manufactories in each of these countries, which includes only the more important manufactured articles. It will be seen that England greatly exceeds all of the above-named countries in the

amount of her manufactories. And the manufactured goods of the United States, and England then, (minus \$20,000,000,) manufactures an amount as large as the United States, France, Belgium, Netherlands, and Prussia together, as will be seen by the following:

In Great Britain, the annual consumption of cotton for the manufacture of the various articles of clothing, in which it is a sole or component part, amounts to 280,000,000 lbs., yielding an annual value of \$162,000,000, employing 800,000 people besides 80,000 power-looms. The annual value of the woollen manufacture, is \$96,000,000, employing 500,000 persons; metallic ware, annual value, \$80,000,000, employing 350,000 persons; annual value of linen manufacture, \$68,000,000, employing 300,000 persons; malt liquor, 9,500,000 bbls., value \$125,000,000; candles, value \$16,000,000; soap do. Total annual value of the articles specified above, \$593,000,000.

The annual value of French manufactures of the articles indicated above, including silk, is \$300,000,000.

Netherlands and Belgium manufacture annually of like articles to an aggregate value of \$130,000,000, while that of Prussia amounts only to \$59,000,000.

The United States have about 800 cotton mills with 1,246,503 spindles, and 33,500 looms, manufacturing annually to the value of \$26,000,000, employing 62,000 persons.

The woollen manufacture amounts annually to \$40,000,000, employing 50,000 persons; glass, &c., \$3,000,000; papers \$7,000,000; besides various other articles, such as chemical articles, hats, caps, cabinet ware, leather, &c., &c., to the amount of \$22,000,000,—in all \$98,000,000.

Baltimore Transcript.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—Alluding to the literary fair at Leipsic, a recent writer says, "the wagons of printed paper which leave this mart of the brain, exceed in number an Indian caravan." The same authority adds, that at least 10,000,000 of new volumes are printed annually in Germany; that every year furnishes 1,000 new writers, and that there are at least 50,000 persons living in Germany who have written a book.

FOREIGN CIGAR TRADE OF THE UNI-

TED STATES.—It appears from a Treasury Report submitted to Congress at the last session, that the whole importation of Cigars from foreign ports, from the first day of October, 1834, to the 30th of September, 1835, was no less than 76,761,000! of which 75,026,000 came from Cuba—the whole paying duty on the invoice valuation of \$836,748. During the same time the exports of foreign cigars were 9,621,000, valued at \$119,728.

Import,	76,761,000
Export,	9,621,000

Leaving for consumption and on hand of that year's importation	67,140,000
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SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN.—M. Palas lately presented to the Academie des Sciences of Paris a sample of this substance, extracted from the stem of the plant, which has been found to contain nearly six per cent. of syrup boiled to 40 degrees, a part of which will not crystalize before fructification; but it condenses, and acquires more consistency from that period to the state of complete maturity. The most favorable time to obtain the greatest quantity of sugar, is immediately after the maturity and gathering of the fruit. The litter left after the extraction of the sugar is capital to feed cattle, or to make packing paper.

A HINT FOR NEW-YORK.—M. Berret, an Engineer at Lyons, has invented a machine he calls a *Balayeuse*, by which, with the employment of only one horse, the mud in the streets, squares, and highways, is collected and thrown into a cart, with extraordinary regularity, giving one hundred strokes on a surface of about 6 yards square, and thus doing the work of 200 scavengers in the same time.

BREVITY OF LIFE.—An ancient Register, which may be depended on, gives the following very mortifying instances of the deaths of 100 persons born at the same time,

At the end of 6 years there remained only	64
At the end of 16 years,	46
At the end of 26 years,	26
At the end of 36 years,	16
At the end of 46 years,	10
At the end of 56 years,	6
At the end of 66 years,	3
At the end of 76 years,	1

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